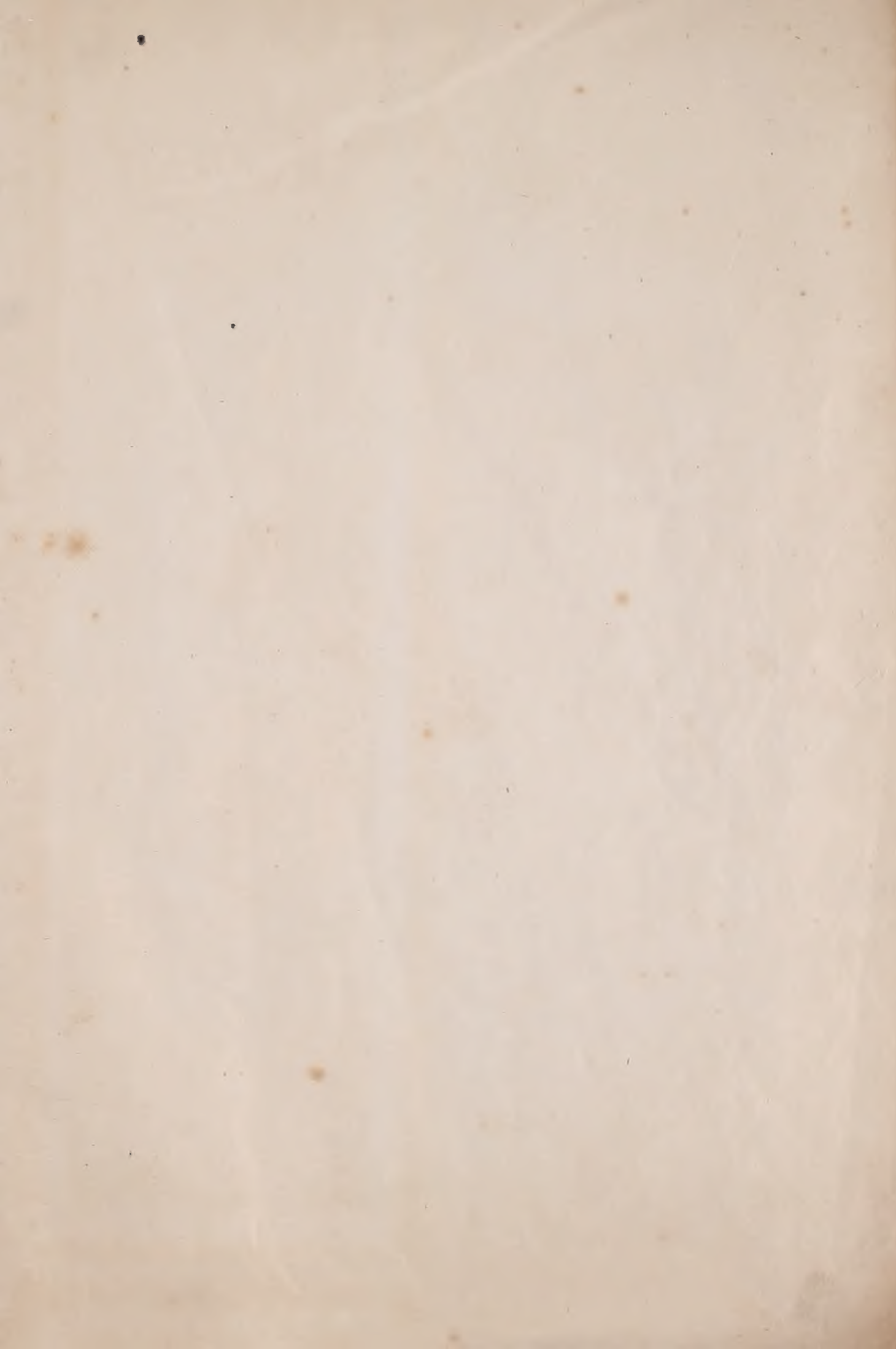


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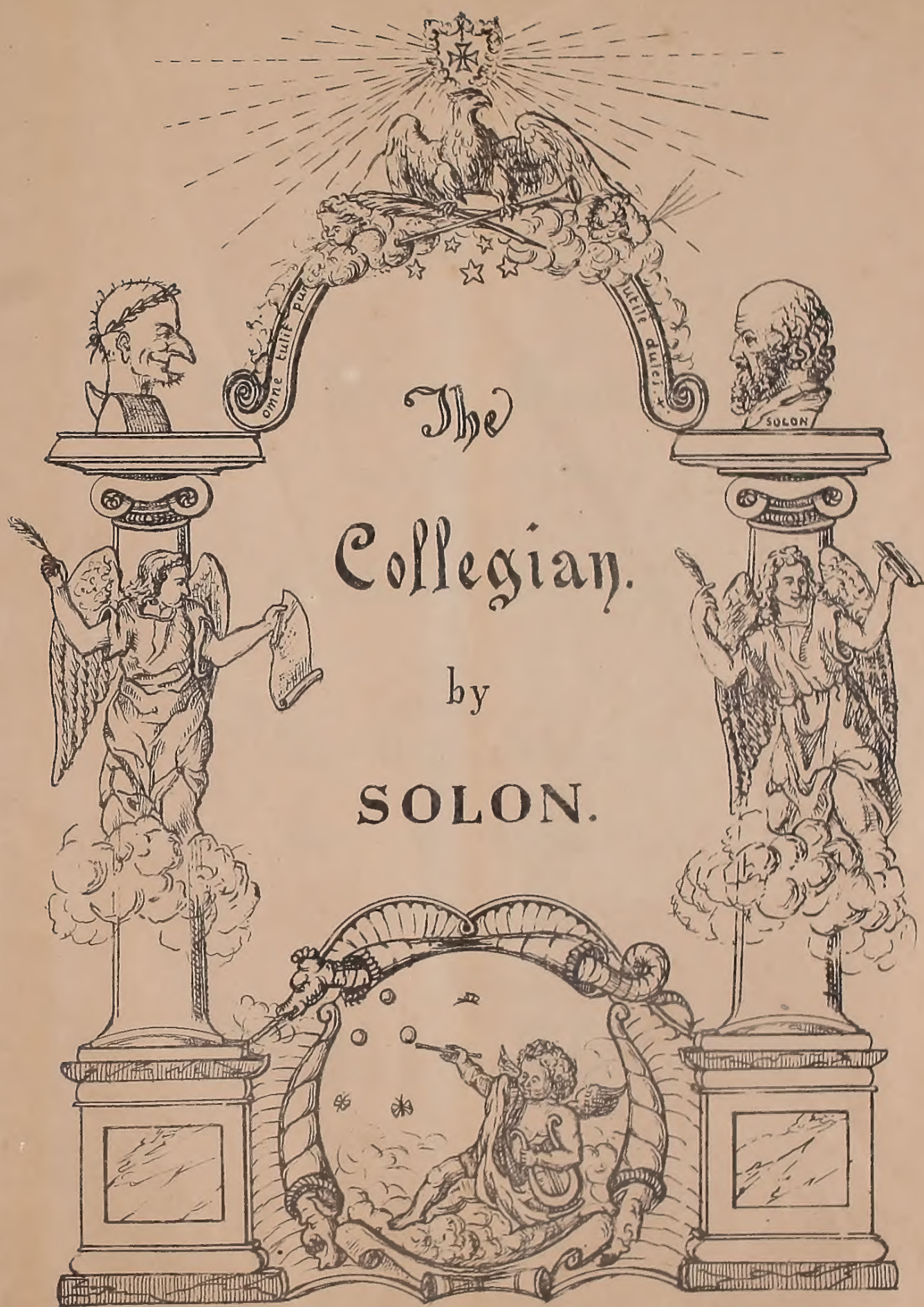
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Dedicated
to
Rev^d Edward **Doucet** S.J.
as a tribute &
of that
Affection & Gratitude
which his
Kindness & Devotedness
have ever enkindled
in the breasts
of the
Students of St John's.

Labor omnia vincit

The Collegian

Vol 1

September 23, 1859

No 1

To Our Readers.

In sending the Collegian on its mission, we cannot undertake to prophesy whether it will meet with a favorable or an unfavorable reception. This Futurity's ark volume only knows. But whatever its reception may be, one thing is certain: that it will follow the path of independence, always holding itself ready to give every one his merits, whether it consist in censure or in praise. As a matter of course we do not expect universal approbation, since even the greatest men have never been so successful. Whatever we can do, shall be done to make the paper as interesting as possible, yet we wish it to be understood that we are not going to alter and remodel, write and rewrite with every number of the work to suit the taste and whims of those Gadaiadens, who make up their minds to be displeased with everything. Our object is to encourage and draw out the latent genius which is often allowed to lie dormant, because no friendly sound ever calls it into action: to entice them, as it

were to depend upon themselves.

Just as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies

No personalities or reflections on authority can be admitted; hence those who are interested in such a manner, must find a different channel to convey their opinions. Our columns will always be open for subjects on every branch of science and literature, and this department presents a wide field for highly useful and interesting articles: for there are contained those subjects which cannot fail to delight, interest and improve the mind. One of the greatest ends of study is to prepare the mind for the solution of those important queries which are the lot of every sincere patriot. Yet it is not sufficient that a man be learned, but he must know how and where to apply it, not for the benefit of one or two but for the whole community. Hence it is absolutely necessary that every one be qualified to act his part, be-

toe he undertakes its execution. This result
can only be obtained by industry and appli-
cation, which are not so difficult.

It is, however, deserving a candid's ambition.

The writer, then, offers every advan-
tage for those who wish to develop their talents
and acquirements as well as their proficiency
in every department of literature: in prose,
in poetry, in history, in biography, and
the historical department seems to us, es-
pecially interesting, for if any species of writ-
ing can boast of universal suffrage, it is
biography. Of all historical information,
the history of man certainly affords in a
surrounding degree the union of instruction

and amusement. This history points out the
reward of diligence and application as well
as the misery and disgrace which follow in
the train of idleness and the misapplication
of time and talents.

Nothing, however having the slightest rela-
tion to plagiarism shall be admitted, and if
any one attempts to enter under such a cloak
he shall be treated as he deserves and under-
go the penalty which laws have ordained.
In fact originality is the material not on-
ly of the foundation, but it must be continued
throughout the whole structure. On whoever dis-
likes it, let him pass on in silence lest by fail-
ing again it be be crushed.

The Grave in the Wilderness

Deep in the forest, where the light
Scarcely struggles through the leafy trees,
Where naught is heard, save when the boughs
Are rustled by the whispering breeze,
Or when the lark, at early morn,
With trilling voice, intones his lay,
And with his merry notes of joy,
Once more salutes returning day:-
There, far from toil and jarring strife,
In tranquil rest a cherub sleeps,
While o'er her tomb its sacred waters
The silent, shady forest keeps.

Around her grave the wild flowers grow:
The air their fragrance sweet perfumes:
There, planted by some friendly hand,
In solitude the daisy blooms:
There, mingled with the blushing rose,
The violet lifts her humble head.
And creeping o'er the grassy mound,
Adorns the infant's lowly bed.
There Spring her choicest gifts bestows,
And Summer sheds her rays serene;
There Autumn comes and soon departs,
And Winter ne'er disturbs the scene.

Near by that angel's flowery grave,
A rudely carved stone was placed.
And on it some unskilful hand
Her name and youthful age had traced.
Their gentle dew six springs had shed
Upon that blossom frail and fair,
Which flourished in the wilderness
Reared by a mother's tender care.
When frightful death, with ruthless hand
The pretty flower plucked from its stem,
And with another trophy bright
Adorned his spectral diadem.

While thus I gazed upon the mound
Beneath whose turf the cherub slept,
I thought of them far, far away,
Who of their bright babe were bereft.
What sorrow must the father feel
When thinking of his little child

Who sweetly then in death reposed
Far in the desert dark and wild?

No more her prattling voice will sound,
Enchanting to his listening ear:
Her merry laugh and joyous song
That parent ne'er again will hear.

But who can tell the poignant grief
That rends a loving mother's heart,
When from her lifeless infant child
That mother must forever part?

Oft will she miss the tiny form
That use to gambol 'mong the flowers:
Oft will she miss the playful ways
That once beguiled the tedious hours
Thro' life's dark vale she wanders on
Without one gleam or cheering ray
Of hope and expectation bright
To light her sad and dreary way.

Alas thus through our changeful life,
"We see our fondest hopes decay,
We never love a bird or flower
But 'tis the first to fade away"
Thus friends and kindred we behold
From our embrace untimely torn,
Thus parents kind and sisters dear
To their dark silent tomb are borne.
Yet while we ever grieve and mourn
The absence long of those we love
We know that when this life is o'er
We'll meet them all in Heaven above.

bid

9

excuse in your heart in considering in company
 with the wisest of those who know well the
 ways and turns of your disposition and char-
 acter. It cannot be more gratifying to yourself
 when you reflect on it in after years than
 would be the contrary conduct of being dis-
 agreeable. It does not detract from the dignity
 of a man however great he may be in this
 world, to be disagreeable; but it adds more tes-
 tament to a maid's talents by having the quali-
 ty of a good nature enrolled among those by
 means of which he has reached his situation
 is like a lovely man in a suit "it is just
 as cheap to be agreeable as not to be so."

Let us try to be entertaining and when we are able to sing let us sing with a good will. Let us please those who want to be pleased and who expect us to please them. The gospel of this man was to please and not to hurt. Its end will be obtained.

Prescott.

Sightless he labored through toil and through sorrow
His intellect probing the darkness of time,
A pen, dipped in brilliancy, blazed o'er his pages,
As he pictured the deeds of each chivalric clime.

Pizarro and Cortes, in splendid array,
 brass oceans and forests to seek the bright gold,
 And their hopes and their fears and their martial exploits
 Recite the hopes and the fears and the joys of the bold.

The Spaniard and Indian in terrible strife
To battle again: their magic hangs o'er us,
That like magic they spring from their tombs into life,
And in fancy yet show are stalking before us

Blind Prescott, farewell! farewell to thy glory!
Thy memory shall warm our fond breasts with delight,
Thank God! Who, in throwing a shade o'er thy vision,
Gave thee power to fill a dark age with thy light.
Americus.

Night.

This is the division of time, assigned to man for rest and a relaxation of his senses, the re-creation of those faculties which, in the various avocations, the toils of the day have enfeebled. In its solemnity and its stillness, nature seems to slumber, and the busy tread of activity dies away from the ear, as the last ray sinks behind the western hills. The glorious interior of the sun, the various objects on which he, in his diurnal course, shed his invigorating rays: pass from view by little and little, still growing dimmer and less perceptible in the following twilight, until finally all disappears in darkness. But though the sun is gone, all beauty has not disappeared with it. Through that austere firmament, which he traversed in the day, other luminaries pass also in the night. Yes, gentle reader, look up into that vast space which the chain of infinity alone can measure, and you will behold wonders of the Creator, not less beautiful, other luminaries, not less admirable. There you will behold the eccentric comet, darting through that immense space on its fiery course, with the speed of lightning: there you will behold the gentle light of the pale moon, as well as innumerable millions of twinkling stars, to compensate, to console you for the sun's absence. To the Epicurean and the sinner, surcharged with

the delicacies of refined sensuousness, the long dark night is irksome: they, indeed, rolling about on the bed of restless slumber, from which their own excesses have driven them, complain of the length of the time, which a beneficent Creator has given for the refreshment of the soul, bathed in sweat, which gives to man the bread of industry.

Sleep is one of the first laws to which our nature has to bend. Even in the state of primitive innocence man was not exempted: "for the Lord said a deep sleep upon Adam." We are so disposed by our nature and its necessity that sleep is no less indispensable than food for our existence. To complain of the night, then, is not only wrong but an insult to the most High. The miser, the man of avarice, the honest man, though from different motives, spend the day in toil: but the approach of night gives us, into their lawns, darkness throws her mantle over the earth, the vesper hymn is intoned and our wearied limbs seek relaxation and refreshment in repose. To how many aching hearts does night bring relief! Even the sternness of sickness, relaxes at the touch of sleep, yields to its charms and for-

forgets its mission of agony. The man, whose eye has gazed the lone long day towards the home of his childhood, when night approaches, lays his head on the iron pillow & the woe and despite of tyrants in dreams revisits his native land.

Selfish, indeed, would be those, who would wish to purchase, perhaps, a few hours of criminal activity, by wishing for eternal day, and by a sacrifice of that dark wish kills sorrow and gives a temporary calm to the troubled spirit.

There is something unspeakably solemn and soothing in the unbroken and undisturbed silence of the night. It is then the mind seems to be occupied with serious thoughts which flash across it spontaneously; and it is then that our weakness appears before us, so to speak, in all its plenitude. The imagination conjures up forms and phantoms, which it buries before the mind of weak humanity, which often views them in the light of reality. The man who kneels the entire day, before the god of the world, now sees its inability to help him and like the false prophet grows pale at the sight of the hideous monster, created by his

own hands. The names that offered incense to mammon are now stretched forth to ask the watchful and benignant care of the God of the universe.

Night has no terror save for the wicked: the just man feels as secure beneath the sable shades that surround the midnight star, as under the blazing light of the meridian sun. For he is assured that an eye watches over him that sleeps not: that a mercy shields him which the arrows of an enemy cannot pierce: that a power protects him which time cannot overthrow, nor cold nor heat weary, nor seasons nor ages change. Let the guilty tremble in the night, not because it is night, not because God is less watchful, but because they are guilty. He who has made the night can also penetrate its darkest shades, and see clearly the crimes which man thinks to conceal, when its gloom is spread around. Whatever we do, whether by night or by day, His hand is always ready to disperse the reward, whether good or bad which our actions merit. His power is omnipotent. His arm can always smite or save in light or in darkness under all circumstances.

Vigilator

An appeal to the West.

To the west, to the west let ye emigrate then,
We can find in far lands what ye cannot in this
Lies it needs but strong arms and it needs but strong men
To make every acre of ground each man his.

It is now, it is now, when our cities are full,
When ye cry out in anguish for quiet and rest,
If ye long for a land whose great beauties will lull
A sick soul into calmness then come to the West.

Delay not, delay not, to grasp the rich treasure
That the region in plenty shall bear to your toil,
It has grain for support, it has forester's pleasure
For men who but bless it by peopling the soil.

Columbia, Columbia, doth call on her offspring
To spread Freedom's broad shield o'er the land we now till;
In her shade to lift up your voice to the hereling,
And to the world to proclaim the strength of her will

To the west, to the West, with your families come;
With your stock and your household come build up a town,
Come out poor if you will, you can leave a poor home,
To find shelter from storms, to the West still unknown.

By a settler.

Regulations

- 1 The collegian will be published semi-monthly
 - 2 Originality is the only passport to our columns.
 - 3 No reflections on authority, and nothing tending to create ill-will among any of the students can be admitted.
 - 4 All contributors must be careful not to sign their own names to their communications, but must assume a nom de plume.
 - 5 All contributions must be sent through the letter-box in the study-hall and must be addressed to Golon.
-

Labor omnia vincit.

The Collegian.

Vol. I.

Oct. 9th 1859.

No 2.

Hope, a source of Pleasure.

Contentment, like a gentle stream,
The vale of life doth ope
And onward flows with influence
When from the source of hope.

The child, when reached the years of thought,
From sports will cease, forsooth,
To gaze in fancy on the joys
That wait for him in youth.

Afar from his comrades and his task
The jovial youth retires,
To contemplate his life as man, -
A life which he admires.

"Awaunt, ye childish sports," he cries,
"Awaunt ye studious hours
Spent on old time, and honors bring;
Give me my manhood's powers."

And though 'tis said that time is old,
He moves with rapid strides
For soon the bark of beardless youth
Is launched on manhood's tide.

Then, tossed on every surging wave,
'Tis with contentment best
If Hope its compass ever point
To the haven of peace and rest.

O man! what has decked your brow
And hoary locks overspread,
With hope in God, you'll ever trust
For peace among the dead.

If kindled not the flame of hope,
Then querulous you'll be,
And in the future naught behold
But dark Eternity.

Rufus

Autobiography of a Desk.

Chapter I

When or where I was born is a mystery which neither time nor experience has yet solved. My father, if ever I had any, died before I came to the use of reason, and my mother a nice little blossom, made her exit one day at the suggestion of a blast of wind from the top of a large tree, and left me, at an early age to the mercy of a cruel world. Thus situated, I put myself under the protection of the branch on which my mother had left me, and patiently awaited some favorable opportunity, when chance would reveal to me the secret of my birth, as well as the name of the family to which I belonged. Time rolled on. Day after day, I beheld the sun rise with undiminished splendor from his eastern couch and sink with enchanting smiles behind the western clouds, and my secret seemed as far

solution as the day I was left an orphan. However, all things here have an end and my patience, though long, could not be everlasting.

At length I was one day bemusing my fate and cogitating on the events of the past and the prospects of the future, I heard a confused sound of voices in the distance, unintelligible at first, it is true, but growing nearer and clearer every moment. Unable to divine the purport of so formidable and at the same time, adventurous a visit, I awaited the result in breathless silence. My suspense, though painful, was of short duration: for I soon beheld a crowd of wretches emerge by twos and threes from the different alleys and glades of the wood. Their appearance, though formidable, was anything but pleasing.

Even one seemed to be his own captain, baring only to obey his own commands, and make the best of the thunder. Unity was observed to the letter, as they seemed to have a special respect for rank, knowing very well that so long as each one remained in the order of units, there was no possibility of a division when the booty came. As for order, you might as well look for gravity in the head of a dancing master, or wool from a mountain goat. As if by magic, they all stopped when they came before the tree on which I dwelt: and here, gentle reader, begins the revelation of my mystery. For the first time I learned my name was not.

The ragged troop assembled around my foster-parent, and soon its devoted limbs began to tremble under the successive volleys of clubs and stones, which whizzed and crackled through and around them, like miraculous hailstones on a fairy-castle. The assault was so furious and so well-sustained that no mortal effort could withstand it: yet how long it lasted or what was the result, I cannot say, as the blow of a stone transported me in a swooning fit to terra firma. The only thing that I could learn was that there were many such as I on the tree, whom

the invaders wished to get on their dominion, and that they never gave quarter in their attack. Be that as it may, the blow, though severe, was by no means fatal, and when I awoke - for I escaped their sight fortunately - I found all things changed. The rainy breeze and the bright sunny air were gone: the winnowleas: the piercing blast carried along the chilly shower: the hoary frost began to pine my strong coat: and finally the whole world and I became enveloped in a mighty snow-storm. My situation became more and more insupportable as with the increase of my miseries my courage began to fail. My nights were sleepless and when I slumbered they were disturbed with images of the most frightful shapes. One time I imagined a thing like a white pillow, hovering over my face and then falling down with a sound upon my sleepless eye-lids.

Death would have been preferable: but his visits are not always made at our request. About this time my situation began to change: the earth grew softer and I daily sank farther into its bosom, until I was completely shut out from the sun.

To be continued.

The Seasons of death.

When Nature smiles at the approach of spring,
And dons her garments rich and gay,
And when with merry notes the forests ring,
Then death its victims bears away.

The placid lakes are fanned by summer's gale,
The purling streams through meadows glide,
With perfumes sweet the gentle zephyrs sail,
Whilst Death appears on every side.

When Autumn in its kind of brown bears sway
And Nature doffs her gaudy gear,
The sighing winds may oft be heard to say:
For death prepare, thy hour is near.

The wintry winds come sweeping from the pole,
The sunny mantle the earth conceals,
The icy lord the rapid streamlets hold,
While frosty death on mortals steals.

My Nodulo.

To Our Readers.

Thanks, fellow-students, for your kind attention of our unpretending and modest Collegian. Its appearance, no doubt, surprised you, but as it seems, agreeably. It made quite a stir among the literati, and searches and inquiries concerning the editorship circulated quite freely to the no small gratification of all. Solon, as Junius, "stands the shadow of a name," and all attempts at discovery will prove fruitless, unless meanness prompts any to go to other desks: this we do not expect. We have come out, clothed in the garb of secrecy, and we asked of you to do the same when you sent in your contributions. You have done this and we are greatly rejoiced, both for your sakes and for ours; for yours, because it enables you to give for the revival of your fellow-students, what modesty would keep you from producing under your real signatures; and for our sakes, because it saves us the trouble of elaborating our own brains to fill up our columns when we have genuine and sensible productions from others.

Remember the subjects on which you can exercise your pens. The incident of college-life would furnish you with the material and clothe in the language of stately prose or in the garb of fascinating poetry would be acceptable to the editor, who is nothing more

than a collegian, and who can be amused and instructed by the compositions of fellow-students. Try your pens, sharpen your wits, take courage and simply send your productions to Solon, who will insert them free of charge in his paper.

It is the duty of Solon to notice everything beneficial and everything defective in the many notions that flood society. There is an appeal—it is already known among the students—to contribute a mite for the sake of charity to the sisters of Mercy, to help them in performing their duties as guardians of the poor and nurses of the sick. Respect not their appeal, but show that you are not behind your fellow-students of former years in zeal for the service of charity. We do not take advantage of the termination of the retreat, which has made so deep an impression on your youthful hearts: for we would ask you to contribute at any other time. The blessings of the poor will watch over your safety, guard you in your sleep, stand near you through misfortunes, and ascend with you to the throne of God, Who ennobled poverty while on earth.

Solon.

Life.

I saw a little spring, as from the ground
It bubbled forth;—o'er sands and pebbles smooth
It rolled its laughing waters:—then through meads,
Whose grassy sides the crystal stream imbibed,—
Whose drooping flowers and hanging leaves it laved
And gently kissed, it wended its slow way;
The placid stream flowed on, and mingling soon
With a deep river, it was borne along,
Until it lost itself in ocean's broad
Expanse. 'Tis thus with man's life on this earth.
In childhood dancing wild, in youth less gay,
In manhood madly rushing on, until
He passes through the gates of Death, into
Eternity.

By Kid.

Poverty

Sometimes as we gaze from the windows of the refectory, we see forms, broken down and weary, famished and covered with the dust of a long journey: we see them begging a miserable pittance, a mite to send them on their way rejoicing: a bit and sup to renew their almost worn-out frame; and this is poverty. Misfortune, ill-success in life, blasted hopes, have reduced to this state of dependence thousands of what are now the poor. We cannot banish them from society by heartless laws: we cannot make them undergo penalties for being unfortunate: we must have them always before our eyes to serve

as examples for us, and to teach us how slight is the hold on riches which are prized so highly.—Transport yourselves for a moment into the hovel, inhabited by poverty—by the wrecks of human nature. Instead of abundance the means of subsistence are wanting: their daily bread is scant: it can scarce suffice the wretched inmates, keep life in the almost lifeless babe, nor support the strength of the woe-stricken parents. The sun shines through chinks and crannies in the miserable tenement and discloses a sight at which humanity shudders.

The children are in a group, lie on the cold hearth-stone, but less of the wretchedness of their situation; the mother soothes their ^{little} cares as best she can, and wishes to sleep her half-famished infant. This is the home of penury! And the father of these children? He cannot rescue them from misery; he can the poor, instead of looking down on them, and your path - will be smooth through life.

By Spes

Sunday of the Retreat

The tapers were lighted to shine on the scene,
 The altar was robed in garb of the neatest,
 All nature looked happy and cheerful and green,
 And fair laughed the morn in garb of the sweetest.
 The deep organ sounds, gentle notes sweetly stealing
 From innocent hearts, sanctifying their love;
 Soft voices warble pure hymns scarce concealing
 Joy, mingling with tones of the angels above.
 The saints rejoiced, as the youthful adorers
 Gave homage in presence of Mary's sweet son,
 They smiled and they said: "The groups now before us
 Will soon grasp the reward their penitence won."
 Our sisters, our brothers with th' Almighty dwelling,
 Are glad the retreat has now freed us from sin,
 They stand near our hearts at the entrance repelling
 Thoughts that would embitter the sweetness within.

By Caritas.

Mr. Want All

Within a period of time by no means embracing a hundred years, and near a village not a thousand miles from —, there lived a gentleman of the above name. How he came to the possession of that euphonious cognomen was a matter of frequent dispute

among the vulgar outcasts, a man who on more than one occasion gave rise to warm words. It was not infrequently happened that Mr. Tunt-all was a spectator of the brawls of which his name was the cause without however imagining that he was the object of their remarks. Being however a man who respected the entire of the eleventh commandment at the expense of the seventh, he complimented himself on his own peaceable disposition and on his inviolable propriety by calling to mind how the fox in the fable came off much better than either the bear or the lion. But however agreeable and satisfactory such cogitations might be to Mr. Tunt-all they by no means removed the cause of the dispute. Now in this same village there lived a judge whose narrow, snug, snugly ordered, was Mr. Tunt-all. This gentleman inhabited an old stone house which his ancestors had possessed from time immemorial, and whose benevolent and disinterested disposition had raised him to a commanding point in the estimation even of the selfish. The antiquity of the family, the integrity of the judge made him in difficult cases, the respect of the peasantry: and so irrefragable was his decision considered among the people, that it was deemed an act of wilful disobedience to the smallest of his commands. The judicial contents that came in his way few called for more frequent recourse and none certainly for a greater amount of his proverbial patience than those which our friend Tunt-all occasioned. It sorely grieved the mind, the

patience more of it. Give all to the peace of his native village destined never to receive any repose and aid in on account of one man. Hence on more than one occasion he hinted to Mr. Tunt-all that his absence would be no material drawback to the prosperity of the place. The judge knew very well that the unraveling of the secret of Tunt-all would have terminated the quarrel, and turned the combined fury of both sides on the head of the unfortunate cause of all their discontent. Nevertheless he began to think seriously at last when the happiness of a single individual was an equivalent for the peace of a whole community. While he was one day engaged in endeavoring to find out some means by which an amicable solution of the difficulty might be obtained, a circumstance occurred which left no more room for deliberation, misadventure, and confusion, which might be taken for tacit connivance, was to have full sway.

The circumstance was this: a fresh quarrel arose among the factions, which indeed, not as usual in words but in blood. The judge was unwilling to prevent the effect was to remove the cause. Accordingly on the day of trial he took the opportunity of revealing the whole affair by saying that the gentleman in real

was not greedy bags, but that he had received
nothing in consequence of his want-
ing everything he saw with his neighbors, and
standing at a point either to destroy, or what is
the same, never to return the article. The fury
of the people against Want-All was worked
up so high at the end of the end of the judge's
speech that it could only be appeased by the
expulsion of the 11th commandment gentleman

whose silence was fully compensated for by
the good order which followed. Whether
Mr Want-All died with grief at his own
disgrace, is a consideration which never
troubled me: but one thing is certain, whe-
ther dead or alive he has many an able
representative. Let us hope, however, that
their fate will one - may it be soon - be
similar.

Autos.

The Captive Pirate.

This then is my doom -
This dungeon of gloom!
My comrades all gone,
None but lions.
Drag out mid the chains
Life's lingering remains.
No this cannot be:
The King of the sea
I swear shall ne'er dwell
In prisoner's cell.
For the ocean I'm born!
Ye tyrants be torn.
Or soon I'll roam free
On land and on sea.

Hark! now the wild roar,
From cliff and from shore,
Of billows I hear
Aid the night aarth and dream.
And lo! sudden light
Illumines the night.
That friends are quite near
A signal, 'tis clear:
But oh! to set free
The King of the sea.
They come not, I know,
For onward they go,
With the flash and the boom,
Far off mid the gloom

Then thus must I stay
To droop and decay.
While over the sea
Ye roam merrily?
Oh no! my brave band,
A captive on land
In slavery's chain,
I ne'er shall remain.
But come thou, my blade,
Come quick to my aid:
Plunge deep in my heart,
For ne'er must we part
While death will set free
The King of the sea.

Peta.

Answers to Correspondents.

Vesnasion Your plagiarism is the most shameless that we have
ever seen. The piece which you sent us in is entirely copied
from Giles' essays, is almost everything you have ever written.

Labor omnia vincit

The Collegian.

Vol. I

October 23 1859

No. 3.

Autobiography of a Desk

Chapter II

Surrounded by darkness at the very entrance into so strange a place, I saw nothing at all at first, - a phenomenon which may be accounted for from the fact that there was no light. Finding no living being in the place I naturally came to the conclusion that it was uninhabited. But the result proved the contrary, showing at once the short-sightedness of my speculations, as well as the falsity of my conclusions. In a few hours after my descent I was surrounded by a crowd of legless, headless, hairless, tailless, eyeless, noseless, mouthless shapeless things which crawled over me and under me: for what purpose I could not divine, since, owing to their senseless state, they could derive neither knowledge nor pleasure from such unbecoming conduct. Indeed, their audacity went so far as to prompt them on one occasion to make an attempt on my life. I repelled the insult in the most indignant manner, giving them to understand at the same time the height to which my birth had raised me in the upper world, and consequently it did not become a worm - for such I have since learned was their cognomen - to treat me a respectable man in such a manner.

At this they made an attempt to laugh, but failed because they were mouthless. However my remonstrance had its effect, for they troubled me no more. Finding myself free, I turned my whole mind to the fabrication of some means of extricating myself from so disagreeable a situation.

All my exertions and all my measures to escape proved unavailing: in consequence of which hope of success began to vanish in the dark cloud of despair. I now sought to give vent to my grief through that channel where the woe-stricken heart often finds an outlet to its misery - in weeping tears. But my affliction was more than grief, more than misery, more than wretchedness: it was all these in their most repulsive forms, heightened, deepened, and increased with despair. What wonder, then, if, in this indescribable degradation of helplessness and despondency, the vainest means of alleviating grief was not sufficient for mine. Ah! gentle reader, even at this distant period I shudder to think of that awful scene. It was a representation of misery, which suffering had erected, was

would be hurled down with
that crash which overcomes destruction, if not
with indignation. Beware! attend then! lest
thy nerves become so uncontrollably restive
as to raise the very talk from thy head.

When I tell thee that my sides, agita-
ted with the fulness of woe, burst asunder with
consequences, more disastrous than the
burning volcano, whose pent-up fury has
been seeking an outlet for centuries: ask me not
to tell thee of my agony, of my contortions, of the pal-
pitating wound, opened anew and gashed deeper,
as the icy hand of death ruthlessly grasped
another and another life-string to pluck it
from the vital trunk. In my sorrow I greeted
death with the wretched smile of blasted
hope, and in his sepulchral tones and
gloomy shades I thought I would find a
calm for my misery and the goal of my
desires.

"Come now," said the voice, sweeter
than minstrel-tones, when song and
dances, with, dancing, chant the praises
of some mighty warrior, on whose brow
is enthroned the messenger of victory and
of peace.

Spoke me the unutterable anguish
of grief, moan, and listen to the consequences
of that gigantic catastrophe. I swooned
away, as usual, or lay in a state of in-
sensitivity for an indefinite period of
time. In the time I was altogether
unconscious of what took place; for I was

always under the impression that I
was dead, and you know very well -
that for a dead man to undertake to give
its experience would be absurd. From
this state of stupor I was finally aroused
by a tremendous puffing and blowing,
screaming and howling over my head
one day. This I afterwards learned was oc-
casioned by a tremendous battle, fought
between two things, named Boreas and South-
Wind, in which the latter, after a son-
guinary contest, was the victor and drove
Boreas off with great loss.

Shortly after this battle, I was
not a little surprised to hear a voice say
in gentle tones: "Come away, thou child
of high-born lineage: leave this dark abode
to taste at length the sweets of liberty." "Come
away," I repeated in astonishment: "Come
away! taste the sweets of liberty! What
can all this mean! Whatever thou art
thou art a cheat. Haunt, phantom! Nay,
nay, say not so," replied the gentle
voice, "resist not, thou must come."

Scarcely had the echo of this
command died away, when the earth
as if troubled by a tempest, began to
move, and in a space of time so incredi-
bly short that I cannot find a name
for it, I was transported from the
blackest darkness to the most brilliant
light.

To be continued.

Pleasure

Dedicated to Mr E. Hudon. S. J.

Tell where, alluring nymph, thou lovest to dwell;
On earth, in heaven, or 'neath the billow's swell?
In fame, in martial pomp, or regal show?
Or dwellest thou amid eternal snow?

Perhaps thy dwellings are in southern climes,
Where zephyrs lull to sleep at curfew chimes,
Where honey flows in streams from every tree,
And twilight's hymn is chanted by the bee.

Or can they be where Phosphor licks in morn
And mild Auroras th' eastern skies adorn?
With Vesper wilt thou rest at parting day,
To lull grief's aching stings with soothing lay?

No matter where I seek, I find thee not,
For fruitless efforts seem to be my lot,
I've sought thee here and there and everywhere
Vain task, alas! methinks I must despair.

Some said you could be found in books and lore,
Where poet-sages worshipped the of yore,
Some said you loved to see the foaming surf,
Where sorrow's knell delights the weary surfer.

Believe them not; less pure the rainbow hue,
Which scarce is seen when hidden from the view;

Than phantom pleasure on bright fancy's steed,
Which comes and goes, in dreams, with elfish speed.

When dewy eve descends with cooling shades,
To gladden the panting flocks and parched glades,
Alone I wander then in search of thee:
Nor words, nor smiles prevent thee still to flee.

Minerva's charms but speed thy foldless wing
To blast bright hope and poison deep the sting.
Oft hast thou blighted genius' sunny flower,
Pregnant with worth, 'biding the fruitful hour.

When bounteous spring her store unfolds for bees,
With leaf and flower and blossom for the trees,
Then loitering on with pensive step and slow
My soul with hopes, nigh gained, began to glow.

Yet all was but the shadow of a dream,
More transient than the swiftly flowing stream:
Less true than thoughts that flit across the minds,
When sleep our limbs in death-like slumber binds.

Oh Pleasure! if thou art a being, come now!
One word, one smile! My heart the price I vow.
I've sought thee here and there and everywhere,
Vain task, alas! methinks I must despair.

Give me the days the years for thee I've lost
To shield me from the blast in age's frost:
My youth restore to prop this tottering frame,
And then account with all thy gifts and fame.

VENNARD.

To Our Readers.

once more we must return our sincere thanks to you for the kind reception you have given our humble journal: but at the same time we would remind you that we shall not be bound in any way, or, as was said in our first address to you, remodel the paper according to every one's desire or fancy. In fact had we yielded to wishes, which have been expressed in our hearing, the Collegian by this time would have assumed an entirely different shape than the one it now possesses. Every day our ears are greeted with opinions and criticisms, so absurd as to make us blush for the ignorance of the critics. Those self-constituted judges of literature, either from stupidity or jealousy - we know not which - give forth very profusely and continually torment with their ridiculous notions those whose misfortune it is to write near them. We do not expect to be free from criticism: but at least let our critics be well informed: let them have some knowledge of style: and above all let them know the rules of syntax. There have been articles in our paper whose style and language would dishonor no one, and yet they have been pronounced to be badly written, deficient in style, and even ungrammatical. Now any person of common sense knows that this has never been the case, and we tell those learned judges that they had better study

their grammar, or read a few pages of Blair or some such author before they attempt to criticise. We think that the old proverb about "empty vessels having the greatest sound," might justly be applied to them. However ill editors are doomed to be pestered with such insects, which can never do any harm but simply cause a momentary irritation.

Not is this the only annoyance we are subjected to. It is our impression that plagiarism is carried on to a great extent. We cannot be expected to read all the periodicals or newspapers, from which some of our contributors cull their productions. We have been pestered with a considerable number of plagiarised articles and a great many others which we suspect to have been copied. Now we tell you, one and all, that if we have the slightest suspicion of the originality of any piece, we shall without the slightest hesitation reject it: for sooner than be the dupes of unprincipled plagiarists we shall refuse to insert any production, unless its originality be fully established. As the society, together with the hand-writing of every student is pretty well known, we shall be able to carry this rule into effect.

The Dew-drop.

Upon the flower, whose fragrance sweet
The morning air perfumes,
The dew-drop falls, and by its power
The drooping blossom blooms.
Then back to Heaven is borne away
The crystal clear and bright,
Again to fall on meadows green
When day gives way to night.

'Tis thus when'er a wounded heart
We pour a healing balm,
Or when fierce strife and passions strong
We kindly try to calm.
The soothing word and friendly act,
Done for our Father's love,
Are by an angel's hand inscribed
In the heavenly book above.

bid.

Autumn.

Even as a rich, unostentatious queen,
Autumn, in modest garb, is now at hand:
From Nature's precious bounty countless gifts
To man laborious she presents: which he,
In turn, with frugal hand, from Winter's blast
For future use in granary conceals.

With mellow fruit now pendent are the trees:
 A solemn dirge the winds 'mid forests chant:
 While o'er the ground the rustling leaves are heard
 To run with merry sport into the brook,
 Whose gurgling waters bear them swift away.
 Such is the prime of life. In manhood's state
 The harvest of our youthful days we reap.
 From doleful sorrow's voice, like forest leaves,
 To sympathy's clear font we joyous fly,
 And there while quaffing, patiently await
 Until old age, like winter's chilling frost,
 Upon us comes to freeze our stagnant blood
 And bind us fast in icy chains of Death.

Anonymous.

Answers to Correspondents.

- Gol** — Your production entitles you to the highest niche in the temple of presumption.
- Critic** — We do not want your advice: Golon came into life without your aid, and he shall live, flourish and be respected when you shall have been smothered in your colossal insignificance.
- Sylvester** — How long are you out of the wood eh? Do you not know that our "roses" have fallen ere now, and that a sweet little song, just like that which you give us, has been sung before on the "withered leaves"?
- Albert** — While you are admiring your dog's master, take wisdom from his canine master's, and when your work sees the light, published "go in for the right" place, which for such records is not to be found in the columns of the Collegian.

Jarnes — Your piece, disfigured as it is by bad orthography, looks so awkward in the garb with which you have clothed, that we barely recognized it as an old friend. You cannot imagine the hideous form it presents through Solon's "original" spectacles.

Juvenis — You are truly "Juvenis" in your poetical accomplishments, but by your audacity and plagiarism, you are entitled to "Senex." If Longfellow were dead, the pillow, graced by your brainless skull, would oft be visited by his injured ghost.

Emily — We do not receive contributions from females.

Anonymous. Your poem on "Autumn" is very acceptable to us: and your appearance in the Collegian will add another charm to it.

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The Sister of Charity.

Despising rank and wealth, she enters that humble
 war, where life is forgotten and she wants and
 sufferings of her fellow-sinners are the only objects
 of her care. Turn to the field where war, with high
 angel of death strikes down many a brave
 and who bring him with words of hope.

In Brunet's bleak shore repose the forms
of those who traversed the gory field, leaving
consolation and relief to the suffering soldier.
Though they rest in a foreign land, their
graves will be well visited and honored as
the last resting place of those who befriended
our country to minister to the wounded
warrior, and while the heroes of France will
reap new laurels in other climes, the memory
of their deeds will live on in the hearts
of their friends, and often by the camp-fire
their names will be mentioned with veneration
and awe.

and flower mingles in a new space

as the devoted sufferer and when the soul
leaves the mortal frame, prompt for the inspiring vi-
sion - no sigh, such as angels breathe in heaven -
when they adore the Lord on behalf of fallen

humanity is the lot of these numberless.
Which they be exalted
to the storms of the world at such a tender age?
Will they be obliged to go from door to door, beg-
ging a morsel of bread to sustain their feeble
life, and often wives, with a babe in hand.
Will their youthful ears be greeted with sounds
of immiety, and their eyes view scenes of vice
and crimes? Will they be exposed to the driving rain or will their young life-
less bodies be found beneath the white garb of
winter? No: the angel who tended the parents
will be with them. They are under the
protection of the heavenly host, who lead them
in the path of virtue and salvation.

Behold the labors of the sister of charity.
Where will you find one who fulfils the pre-
cepts of Christ more exactly? Her life is one con-
tinual sacrifice and labor, regardless of
everything, save the work she is destined to
perform, in devoting her years to the service
of humanity.

Yet is she not despised? Is she not palled by
unmutilated and made the subject of ridicule?
While worldlings seek pleasure in earthly en-
joyments, caring not for the famished poor a-
round them, keeping far from the sights of mis-
ery and disease, and giving all their thoughts
to the fleeting things of this world, during
place: they will not profit by that model of pi-
ety, which is so easily seen. Their wants of
they, but still continue in their course of vice and
immorality. And what earthly reward do these
devoted women obtain? They have naught else
but the gratitude of the poor. Conquerors, whose
victories have been bought at the expense of the
lives of thousands, bringing war and mourn-
ing into many a hamlet, are honored with
oblations and triumphs during their
life, and after their death monuments are
everywhere erected to their memory, inscribed
with false eulogies: while the humble sister
of charity, lives neglected by the cold world
and when she departs from earth, a simple
cross marks her place of rest. But in heaven she
is exalted above things and princes, where
her virtue is rewarded with happiness
for an eternity.

Would all men to imitate her in her
piety and charity, selfishness and vice
would soon disappear, and mankind,
dwelling in harmony and love would
be forgotten.

Behold her, ye worldly! behold her, ye vain!
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain.
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise
Ye lazy philosophers - self-seeking men -
Ye false philanthropists, who sit in pen,
How stand in the balance, your principles
With the light and the word of that high law made?
Lucius.

The Past.

When o'er the slumbering earth, dark night hath cast
Her soft shroud and hush'd the busy throng,
The busy hum of life, and when we hear
The solemn hour of midnight, as we sit
Alone, in sadness and in gloom; how oft
Does memory wander back into the past,
And traverse scenes where childhood's days were spent
Or mingle once more in the active throng!
How oft, at that still hour, do we behold
The low-roofed cottage, with its garden bright,
In which we played in our earliest infancy,
Or sit again in the verdant grove, where we first
The rugged path of others tried to climb;
The sunny green and daisy-spangled path,
Where oft in boyish sports we had our play,
The old oak tree, whose leafy boughs we made
Afforded, when the moon-day sun shone bright,
The woods, through which we often wandered
In search of fruit, before our fancy pass.
Then in our minds the scenes so happy and so true,
Which constantly our soul tormented, come,
While thus our chequered life we calmly view,
We ask for those who once our footsteps led,
If mingled in our childish sports and play,
And through life's journey pursued our constant friends,
Where is that group that once around the earth
So happily the dreary hours beguiled?
Where are those parents who once by their smiles
Directed first to Heaven? Where are those kind
And tender sisters, who our woes e'er healed?
Where is that joyous happy maid, married,
Whom, when a stranger bride, that on
The same day some one's bridegroom's
And all the joys of youth and wedded life,
And all the joys of youth and wedded life,
And all the joys of youth and wedded life,
A foreign turf those sisters find repose.

Beside the partner of his woes, in death
 The father sleeps, and o'er his grave a cross
 That oft his knees had climbed, and the late
 That sweetly slumbered slay to cheer my age,
 And partner with me through life's dear path?
 Ah no! grief wasted her young form, and like
 A flower, fading at winter's cold approach,
 She lies in her parents' dear embrace,
 The willow by its fall the slender plant
 Had smothered. And parents, sisters, brothers, all
 Have passed away and left me here alone,
 To journey sadly through this darksome vale.
 Ah! where is he who bore the sacred name
 Of friend who cheered in my success
 And in my sorrow shared? He is no more.
 But mark that noble tomb his bones are laid,
 And though his face no longer I behold,
 Yet his blest spirit round me hovers, and
 In virtue's way his loved companion leads.
 The shadow of happiness, like fading day,
 In darkness disappeared.

Then as we see
 The disappointed hopes of manhood's years,
 And at our misery and sorrow glance,
 Upon the pleasures of the future drop
 The tear of care, and ask of God the strength
 To dwell in resignation here below,
 And to remain the flowers' soil, our forms
 Are placed, and to the realms of endless bliss
 We go to join the ones we mourned on earth.

bid.

To Our Readers.

The author of this volume is a young man of letters, who has been
 educated in the most distinguished universities of Europe, and who
 has spent many years in the study of the most sublime and useful
 sciences. He has also been distinguished by the most successful
 application of his talents to the service of his country, and has
 been honored with the most distinguished appointments. He has
 also been distinguished by the most successful application of his
 talents to the service of his country, and has been honored with
 the most distinguished appointments.

circumstances - that everything, having the least resemblance to plagiarism, no matter from whom it comes, would be excluded. Hence to ensure success and to secure the end of our paper, we have been obliged, from time to time, to deal rather summarily with that class of persons, who evince a greater desire to draw on the contents of shop-books and obscure newspapers, than on the stores of their own intellects. If you cannot write poetry, why, write prose: but if you can write neither, then say nothing at all, since silence will save you from the contempt as well as from the punishment, so richly deserved by those who endeavor to plume themselves with another's merits. We have not rejected your pieces heretofore, because they were devoid of beauty and even perfection, but simply because they were not yours. We are aware that some of our correspondents felt in all their force the not very desirable compliments which they received on applying for admission to our columns; but we are equally aware - and we regret it - that others either designedly or from some natural failing very adroitly refused to take their part. The sole aim of this paper is to give to all an opportunity for improvement: do not then endeavor to make it a vehicle for productions of men whose

reputation is long since established, and whose names were wafted far and wide on the wings of fame, before you existed. Whatever you do be original and if you fail at first, try again: your efforts will finally be successful.

The mind of man is, by its nature, active. When therefore it fails in achieving great things, it is because the tendency of the body to self-enjoyment restrains its ardent and narrows its sphere. Give loose reins to your genius, by removing all sluggish incumbrances, and you will be surprised at your own power of accomplishing great - and what seemed before - impossible things.

Whoever seeks to become notorious by other than his own exertions, shall find a stern judge in Polon, who will never dismiss the guilty until the last farthing is restored to its rightful owner, thereby giving a salutary lesson to those who would follow in his footsteps. The punishment of the guilty is the shield of the good. If any one seeks to vindicate his innocence by getting out of humor, it is only a stronger proof of its justice. And now, kind readers leaving you to digest the few remarks we take our leave for the present.

To a Rose.

Thy petals are dripping, my fair peerless flower,
With the bright dewy freshness of morn;
Thy fragrance is flung far and wide on the bower,
Which thy humbler companions adorn.

As a casket of brilliants, whose wide-sparkling blaze
Invites all to pause and admire,
Thy dew-laden cup such rare beauty displays,
That we linger, and gaze, and ne'er tire.

But thy treasures to squander the light zephyrs seek,
And in gladness they sportively stray,
And the sunbeam rejoices to mantle thy cheek,
And kiss thy warm blushes away.

Thy bright glowing leaflets the plashing rain beats,
And scatters them spoiled of perfume,
Or the plundering bee comes to rifle thy sweets,
Or the canker lurks near to consume.

So sinks meath the chilling world's slanderous breath
The heart of worth, honor, and truth,
So yield to the power of insatiable Death
The glories of beauty and youth.

Fin.

Autobiography of a Soul

Chapter III

Soon my astonishment began to die away; gradually an admiration began to assume their proper sway over a disposition, naturally inclined to forget the difficulties and hardships of the past, when basking in the genial rays of the sun of prosperity. Day after day, new beauties, new wonders presented themselves to my imagination, bewildered almost intoxicated with strange astonishing scenes. Everything around me was cheerful, everything bespoke joy and delight. Scarcely had the tones of the psalm of nature over winter died away, when the mel- low strains of the vernal queen's resurrec- tion-hymn stole through the trees with a softness, more alluring and more enchant- ing than those that fall upon the ear, when in the still and hallow shades of night, the imagination, borne on airy wings, travels not beyond the boundaries of mortal- ity, to wander in the regions of ecstatic bliss and recline on couches of more than fabulous beauty in the mystic labyrinth and spell-bound halls of elfish real- ity. And thou, O soul, a sentient and practical nut of man's birth and as- piring pretensions, be indifferent to charms compared with which the sounds of the orchestra would be like the harsh opium of a rat.

The herbs, the grass, the flowers, put on their gayest dresses, and of course, of course, greenest green: for of all the colors in the world, green is the most beautiful. Ever green, ever in motion: the sprats and the water lilies, the wing, and nature dancing, the flowers of spring: the orchard trees with blossoms were white, and red, and orange, and yellow, with the sight! The airy, soft, fresh, and things that always visits us in early spring, by brook and glade, by tree and flower, found, with laughs and smiles, helping over the crown, on mossy banks, or ready being green, primroses, violets, like night stars were seen. Snow-drop, and lily white and blushing rose regaled the bee with rest and repose. The drooping branches of the weeping willow were assuming, their new suit of green. The willow, the poplar, and the oak, monarch of the forest, were waving in the triumph of the triumph of nature. The evening, with its softness in the air, a moist brown, and a warm from the sun, were singing, lowly, like lambs - hope of shepherds - were listening to some one, the forest, and the forest wished to see their fleecy garbs washed by the gentle breeze.

For was my youth, or so to speak, my insignificance, any obstacle to the bountiful hand of nature, or to the

her gift upon me. From a tiny bud, imperceptibly grew into a little tree, having branches, adorned with leaves and blossoms, and I looked forward, with eagerness and pride, to the day when my age and dignity would place me on an equal footing with the most favored children of the forest: so that my whole time was spent in the enjoyment of my present happiness and the contemplation of my future greatness. In fact, my sanguine hopes, untought by experience, led me to conceive the most extravagant ideas of the importance of my situation, and to look upon the very shadows

of these chimæras, built up by a wild imagination, as the forerunners of realized wishes. Hence it cannot appear surprising, if, in the moment of exultation, I defied time and wrote on my dwelling - immortality. However, as the proverb says: "it is time to bid the devil good morrow when you meet him," I shall not embitter present joy with future sorrow nor give uneasiness to my friends by forcing from them sympathy for my misery. when perhaps they have greater to bemoan in themselves.

To be continued

Gaiarchonia sthen. Your metre entitles you to rejection, your disrespectful address to our silence.

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No. 5

Autobiography of a Desk

Chapter IV

Self. One always leads us to give others that credit for the admiration and esteem of our acts which we feel for them ourselves, without causing us to think that even the unpresudiced can see faults and defects in what we deem beyond the reach of criticism. Hence, at not unfrequently have we been wrapped up in self-complacency, without measuring the interest or patience of our hearers. We launch upon the indulgent reader in the most inconsiderate manner, glowing descriptions of our successes or difficulties through life, with an air of confidence which would indicate our right to their approval, however inconsistent it might be with their conviction. Now reader, if you condemn as strongly as you do, such presumption - may I reject it with scorn, as being uncongenial with my straight-forward nature, and incompatible and utterly at variance with the sincere belief and trust which I have dwelt in my bosom. And if I have detained you thus far - not uselessly let me hope - about the end of this story, which, I believe, in mystery, it was not from any desire to trespass on your patience or your time, much less from any inherent interest in the story, but simply to relate a few incidents, without which the object of my undertaking would fail, and the broken chain of the succeeding series of incidents would be lost.

ment of reproach to its author, and through a generous failure an object for the contempt of envious worthlessness.

This little digression being so obviously necessary, I need not stop to make any apology to the reader, but simply proceed with my history. For reason of convenience, I omit the details of my early life, from childhood to the time when I came to that part of my life, most likely to interest and amuse from the nature of the subject. The period at which I now commence, is one of those points in life, when having passed over the follies and inconsiderate conduct of youth we begin to grow serious and drink with eagerness at the fountain of manhood, when we begin to discriminate between flattery and sincerity; to appreciate correction and despise hypocritical indulgence; to aspire after greatness, not for its own sake, but as a means of a worthy end; and consider ambition as a noble and necessary passion, which, if properly regulated, may soar high, to aspire with dignity at the contemplation of its very greatness. It is at such a stage of existence that we are enabled to view calmly and dispassionately the acts of others and decide impartially on their merits. And, good reader, under the impression that I can fully appreciate the generous and noble spirit which has raised

as well as in theory, I will give in brief an account of the manner, in which I spent the first part of that era in life when the responsibility we owe to ourselves and society begins to make us feel the necessity of its conscientious discharge; making at the same time, such candid remarks as the exigency of circumstances, or the elucidation of the subject may require. With all my acquaintances and companions I had reason to be pleased. Sympathy, indeed, was a prevailing virtue among us: and to such an extent was this carried that whatever one did, all did. Thus, for example, if one lost a limb, the rest were sure to lose others: if one lost a leaf, all, in token of grief cast off a leaf: if one bent before the howling blast, immediately there was an unanimous bending of every one within sight: if a bird built a nest on the branch of one, instantly there was a general cry of "nests! nests!" if an old cawing rook, enfeebled from years, happened to forget the dignity and respect due to so exalted a position, and yield from necessity to the imperious dicta-

liberated victim had winged its way to realms of freedom.

To be continued

tates of nature, all clamored out for a similar honor. Thus you see I had every reason to be happy, where sympathy took the place of jealousy, and friendship that of etiquette. I regret to say, however, that the same generous spirit did not animate some of our neighbors, who came to settle among us, and whom we received with open hands and warm hearts, in hopes that time and kindness might smooth their rude nature, and soften their fierce disposition. But experience showed how vain were our efforts, and how hopeless our task; for our kindness was rewarded with insult and our generosity with black ingratitude. Our once peaceful home became the rendezvous of despicable strangers, and tolerated mendicants became our oppressors. The winds that once carried the joyful sound of merry songs to the admiring stars, now wafted the doleful strain of the dirge as kinder death announced, by the clanking of slavery's broken chain, that some

Time

In truant youth, while passing by a ruined wall,
I saw a figure stern and sitting near,
As if he would its former pride and fame recall -
He held a measure, which he called a "year."

By heedless folly led, I sped my childish way,
By gentle mead, o'er brook, thro' forest gay,
Until the bat and owl announced the parting day,
And evening yielded to night's sable ray.

By that same wall my feet their evening way retraced.
The figure still, so stern, was sitting there.
Only the measure "year", by "month" was now replaced
And wrinkled brows bedecked with graver air.

I sat me down to sleep beneath a lovely bower,
But when I woke the "month" was changed to hour.
Fearful, amazed and mute! my looks betrayed my fear.
As fierce the form, in wrath, came slowly near.

"Wretch! knowest thou not me," he said, in freezing tone.
"Before whose nod things tremble on their throne,
Nations, like bubbles, rise and pass away.—
Their epitaph — mutation and decay."

"E'en while I speak the flitting hour, in haste has gone,
An 'minute' measures life, as it flows on.
Behold how fast thy sands are falling from the glass,
Click! click! click! Thus from life to death you pass!"

The true Iliad.

At the ruins of Pompeii. Italy, Oct 3rd/59

Dear Mr Polon,

I have been at this place for more than a year, and after all my labors among these ancient ruins, I have found something which, I imagine, will repay me for all my trouble. It is astonishing! Incredible! Will you believe me? I have found a copy of the Iliad of Homer (!) which, judging from its dilapidated state, and almost unintelligible writing, must have been at least four thousand years old. I have read this venerable work with avidity, and I am now fully confirmed in my opinion for which you so often censured me, that the Iliad, as it is now received in our colleges, is

full of faults, and not worthy of the praise of poets. I wish you could see the whole work but as that is impossible, I will send you the translation of a few lines that you may see how superior is the original to the numerous text they study at Saint John's. I was one of the meetings of the Greeks.

"And forth the Bully, shouldered on Hercules' arising, flood up: and there was it, as in the assembly of the Greeks like that of night when there is no wind. But as he spoke the people were troubled and tumultuous, noise brewed, resembling a multitude disturbed by the northern gale. But when

he had finished, there rose up the son of Peleus, and he stood forth like a tower placed on a high hill; his bearing was lofty and proud, as on his royal forehead; but his speech was like the whirlwind of the desert, impetuous, haughty, and withering to the soul. For he spoke like a thing commanding, as one having great power, nor caring for his subjects; and the Greeks became sad and the silence was deathlike! But as he sat down, they struck the flat of their hands together, and discontent in silence. But when the most daring of the Greeks, Eurymachus, the son of the noble Gortaeus, got up, and opening his mouth, spoke audibly to the multitude, and giving vent to his dissatisfaction, complained and grumbled exceedingly: whereupon the Greeks rejoiced, applauding, and raised a mighty cry, like that of cranes taking flight, or like that of geese, disturbed in the night.

"Until now, therefore, indeed, the divine son of Peleus was silent, but his wrath, like a thundercloud, gathered on his forehead threatening a great rain. He rose at length - he stood forth, godlike, full of lofty pride, full of scorn for the vulgar crowd, and full of sovereign defiance against the noble Eurymachus, and the wife-ruling Agamemnon. He was compelled with rage, his eye flashed lightning, his crest uplifted was shaking, he shrieked mightily and terribly, awful to behold, like unto a rooster, crowing in early morn. Presently he began to speak, standing upright and stiff, like unto a god: but his frame shook all over, and his heart he moved with dignity and force, and his words were as

flaming flame, and his looks, awful to behold. The Greeks were abashed and terrified. Then

Thetis, the daughter of the sea, came from high Olympus, the indomitable daughter of the gods, and the mistress of the Achaeans, sent the messenger of the gods to moderate the wrathful son of Peleus. Swift as lightning, the red-cheeked and comely girl flew and unnoticed by those who were far off, she leaped to the ear of the great-shalting son of Peleus, and poured into his soul the wisdom of the gods. Having listened therefore and his anger being appeased, forthwith he stretched out his right arm, and his hand was clenched, except one finger, which he held forth with great eloquence. But when he stopped, the red-cheeked comely girl, being behind, comforted him words pleasant and wise, which fell as soothing balm on the souls of the Greeks, his eloquence was like the voice of cricket, singing under a blade of grass in autumn.

"When he had finished, the well-footed Greeks rejoiced a great deal, clapping their hands. But the bully-shouldered Menelaos arising called forth Philopotes, the son of the horse-taming Medonides, and commanded him, being the best of men in the army, to proclaim the amity between the far-ruling son of Atreus and the mighty-armed Achilles. That Greek was of the middle size, but stout: his appearance, as to his countenance, was mild: he looked about with apprehension, and he was shamed and feared like a wild goat, hemmed in by the hunters: but when he opened his mouth, then increased the mightiness of his voice.

and the powers of his throat: for some hearing, were pleased, and others, on account of the loudness, were frightened but others were affected both ways. For now his voice would be pleasant and joyful, then mournful and vanishing, and presently powerful, like the roaring of the lion, or the midnight song of the jackass. After this there was a great noise in the assembly, being all pleased with the words of Philopates; but the disorder increasing the wise Nestor arose, stumbling, for he was strongly weak on account of age, but in wisdom, he was weakly strong: for he spoke of many things about the heavens and the stars, and of the man in the moon; and all, notwithstanding, were very much pleased. It was indeed wonderful, that from so small a body should come forth such great voice, sneaking wisdom. For, though he was terrible in battle, and many a Trojan owned his prowess, his size was exceedingly small, looking like a tree, which the storm had blotted, and there remains but the stump. But his words were exceedingly wise; and at last when he spoke of a certain man, called Gehooly, the Greeks were troubled, not understanding, and looking at one another would say: "Who is this man?"

Whereupon the double-footed Ulysses, ever wary and subtle, rose up majestically, and lifting up his eyes, spoke thus: "O sons of great Atreides, and you other Greeks, I see that you are troubled, because of the words of Nestor: but he spoke wisdom, indeed, for there is salvation in his counsel. For you sons of war, never learnt wisdom, therefore you do not understand. Gehooly, indeed, is one of the seven wise men of Greece, who lived many winters ago, teaching many things incomprehensible. I, indeed, in my

youth, when I was a great boy, I studied under him, because it was so. He taught me the science of the heavens concerning the stars and the clouds and the winds and the sublime mathematics. (He indeed was very wise but some say that he was crazy: and he came to death by falling into a well while watching the stars.) For it is known that he received a plan for turning the city of Troy. Let a wooden horse be made, according to the science of the great Gehooly. Let its body be four perpendiculars, its body a parallelepipedon, its neck a cone, and everything mathematically made. and when all is ready, by Jupiter, we shall take Troy. The Greeks gave their assent, and would have commenced the work forthwith, but wise Nestor said it was not ominous, a barbarian having come into the camp. Whereupon they all were angry and filled the winds with their cries, wishing to tear him to pieces, but the chiefs calmed them saying: let him speak, let him speak. But the barbarian, not knowing Greek sat in the middle silent: forthwith, however he produced an instrument, and began to play upon it in the manner of barbarians. And indeed his music seemed as eloquent as the words of those who spoke: for the people rejoiced and let him up.

It is to be noted, the King of the Etruscans, who had come from very far to see the Greeks, now stood in the midst of the assembly. First was a great silence, they greeted him, and then there was a great silence. He indeed stood with his hand on his chin, looking down. - and Nestor said: "He is dishonoured: - the Greeks caused a groan: - he was indeed like a person in the desert, that had lost his mate. At length he spoke, lamenting, and said:

many things about the misfortunes of the Greeks, who often interrupted him, lamenting. He was indeed very eloquent, particularly his arms that went up and down, so that there was scarcely room for him: while his speech was most sweet, often ending with these remarkable words: *καὶ τάλλα, καὶ τάλλα!* But he spoke in parables and his comparisons were truly sublime.

"And many others without number spoke in the assembly, distinguishing themselves. One particularly distinguished himself, and seemed gifted by the gods, for he spoke of sublime things, and being applauded he was bashful, his face shining like that of the sun. A fair youth also Ophirrus, the son of swift-footed Achilles, spoke: like unto his father, his speech was violent, but in battle he was fierce, running about swift, like unto a cat pursued, and shouting and urging on the fight, for every one

knew him by his hair being red. It was now late in the night, and some of the ancients being weary, laid their heads on their hands and slept: when the sage Calchas arose, holding in his hands the oracles of the far-darting Apollo, and he foretold therefrom many evils, speaking of ghostly appearances and other dreadful signs. His voice was hollow and low, coming as if from the bottom of his belly. Many of the Greeks grew sorrowful and dreary silence bespread the assembly. But the sons of great Atreides and other Greeks were incensed, and when he had finished the bully-shouldered Menelaus got up, and other chiefs followed, and there was great confusion; and amid the noise, these words could be heard: *οὐρα!* and *ταρα!* which being interpreted signify, "let him be hung, for he is a thief!"

Orestes, son of Adolphus.

To Erin

O Erin! a cloud, with calamity fraught,
Dark, terrible, over thee hangs,
And in the dim gloom of the far future, naught
Teest thou but dire slavery's pangs.

Fell tyranny has, with her treacherous snare,
In bondage thy brave children bound,
And made thy green fields a bleak wilderness, where
Black misery only is found.

To flee from proud Albion's despotic hand
The home of their childhood they leave,
And seeking support in some more friendly land,
O'er thy mournful destiny grieve.

The blood of thy heroes thy meadow! have died,
Who, fighting for liberty, fell,
And 'neath thy green soil they repose side by side.
Where they struggled so long and so well.

Their death on the battle-field, gory and red,
Caused many a heart-rending tear,
And shalt thou, O Erin! for whom they have bled,
The sweet voice of Freedom ne'er heed?

In peace let them rest in their dark, narrow bed,
Where now they so silently sleep;
And as o'er their ashes thy sons lightly tread,
For thy fate let them silently weep.

But while they lament in this valley of woe,
And pine for the cold, quiet tomb,
Religion's clear flame with a bright, hallowed glow
Illumines their sadness and gloom.

And yet, while in servitude's fetters accurs'd,
'Neath England's proud banner they fight;
The chains that had bound other nations they burst,
And bear to them Freedom's blest light.

O! why do they not haughty Albion's King
From their down-trodden island exile;
And then, 'neath fair Liberty's sheltering wing,
In concord and happiness dwell.

As mist that overshadows the beauty of morn,
And hides Nature's charms from the view,
Oppression has made thee all dismal and worn,
And thy tears thine own shamrock bedew.

But soon may dear Freedom, in splendor, arise,
And shine kindly again upon thee,
And effacing the tears that now dim thy bright eyes
Make thee glorious, happy, and free.
By bid.

To Our Readers

We are obliged to you for the blind reception you have given to the first autographed number of the "Collegian". We, no doubt, surprised the greater number of you by the unusual dress, which we put on; but this surprise great as it was, was not as great as the admiration, expressed for several of the pieces we have published. "The Autobiography of a Deed" continues to amuse by its facetiousness, and will appear in as pleasant a strain as it has hitherto kept, until it has fulfilled its mission, that is to say, until it has exhausted itself in narrating its history. We would also state that this piece embodies in itself the beauties of poetry robed in the most fascinating prose. Again, the verses on the "Past" seem to have awakened thoughts of "lang syne," pleasant and mournful to the soul, and many a one has felt that the pictures, there presented, have been drawn from life, and painted with moving fidelity. "To a Rose" is a piece that challenges comparison with any that has appeared in the columns of "the Goose-Quill", and of other renowned college gazettes, and the author will accept of our thanks for his beautiful composition. Now fellow-students our paper is in a fair way of keeping hold of your hearts, and working upon them by the simple and touching appeals, which it makes. We try to imbricate all the good qualities of your soul by every means in our power, and we ask of others to do the same. We do not dwell on politics; we care not

for "Old Brown" and his fanatical followers. But we care only for our glorious Union, and it is to that purpose that we have presented to you, in this number, a model, on which we may gaze, as Catholic Americans, with admiration, and in whose footsteps we may not fear to tread with safety; this model is Charles Carroll of Carrollton. We would willingly receive any biographical sketches of character; for character forms the main feature in a man's life.

This deed springs from his character, which may be good or bad: hence our desire to draw into light those traits, which show nobleness of soul. Catholic heroes in all stations of life must be the subjects for your pens: to place them before your fellow-students, in all their glory, - but not so obscured and clouded a glory, with which Protestant historians have enveloped them; - and in removing the mists from their fair fame, you will find that they shine with more splendor and brilliancy, than you yourself had imagined. "Our yourselves may hope to obtain as proud a name before the eyes of all time". They were once as you were. Many of them passed through college life, with all its hardships and toils. You must not always confine yourselves to a blind reverence for heroes who professed themselves Protestants, but must endeavor to contrast our Catholic ancestry with them, and you will find that in the comparison Catholics will not suffer.

The two Butterflies

By early snow two butterflies
Unwarily were caught.
Ere Winter's cold and darkening skies
Came, with destruction fraught.

The beautiful pair went forth at morn
To bask in autumn's ray.
Unconscious of the brewing storm
That burst upon their way.

Thus oft when youth unguided roam
From parents' kind restraints,
To shun th'imagined ills of home
For joys that fancy paints,

Still wander on, with heedless air
Allured by fairy smile
Which beams a home that hells their care
Till death completes the guile
By Victor

Biographical Essay.

Charles Carroll

It has been the custom of late years to pass over with lightness the deeds and services of our early ancestors, and to look upon them as those of their Protestant compatriots who helped to lay the foundation-stone, upon which was raised mightily the tower of our independence. As Americans we certainly admire and revere the names of Morris, Paine, Samuel Adams and others, not less renowned in the Revolutionary annals; but we cannot, in glorifying them, forget that as high-souled patriots as they, as noble as they in their patriotism, was found among the number of those in the colonial period who professed the Catholic faith. To assert that Catholicism is hostile to freedom, that it is hostile to republican freedom, is to erase from our history the names of the great Catholics of the

the veteran European hero, who gave his life for liberty under the walls of Savannah; to tear from it the records that bear the deeds of the youth-ful of the Revolution, and to ignore the merits of John Barry "half British, half Yankee"; yes, it would make a word in the bodies of Statesmen, that signed the glorious Declaration, and in that body of men who framed our Constitution, for the name of Carroll this is a name that is not to be forgotten. That distinguished family, the Charles Carroll of Carrollton, leaving for others the biography of John Carroll, first Archbishop of Baltimore, and of Daniel Carroll, representative in Maryland to the Convention that framed the Constitution.

Charles Carroll was born in Annapolis, Maryland, on the eighth of September (O.S.) 1737. His parents were Charles Carroll, son of an Irish settler in Maryland, and Elizabeth Brooks, daughter of a wealthy Irish woman endowed with great natural talents, such as were required for the times in which she lived. To educate their child was a task of great difficulty; for there was not one Catholic school or public church at the service of the individual, nor any of the three universities. The Jesuits, ever watchful for the temporal as well as for the spiritual interests of those to whose missions they were forbidden to minister, without attracting the notice of the government, had established a grammar school at a small place, called Bohemia, near Annapolis. To this was young Charles sent, to learn the principles of his religion, and to receive a preparatory course of instruction, prior to his departure for Europe. He had, for fellow-students, his two cousins, John Carroll and Robert Brent. With these at the age of eleven, he was placed in the English Jesuits' College, at St. Omers, where he remained six years; then he passed one year in the College at Rheims, and then two years in the College of Louis le Grand. After this he went to study civil law at Bourges, from which he returned to his college at Paris, so that he had more college-days than students now have. At the age of twenty he took lodgings in the Inner Temple, at London, where he pursued a course of common law, till the year 1754, when the troubles between the colonies and England having sprung up, he bade a final adieu to Europe and its associations, to seek the home of his infancy, an accomplished scholar, in every sense of the word, an able lawyer, which his after life proved, and a devout Catholic. Such was Charles at the age of twenty seven.

The Stamp Act threw the whole country into convulsions by the arbitrary principles upon which it was based. The subject of our sketch gave his whole attention to watching the effect, which such unjust measures as the British Parliament was then deliberating to inflict on the colonies, would bring about; and he clearly foresaw that there was no other means of escaping taxation than by total independence. Fearing an uprising, England repealed the obnoxious act, except the clause containing a tax on tea, the principle of right of taxation being still maintained, which aroused a spirited opposition in the colonies. Mr. Carroll, wielding the weapons of a sound logic, and bringing to bear on the question the erudition he had amassed in that nursery of lawyers, the Temple, attacked it through the press, and proved conclusively to the representatives of the British government the utter impracticability of the attempt to force the Americans to recede from their position. The case of the *Ship Peggy Stewart*, which had entered Annapolis, freighted with tea, was submitted - so great was the reverence the country already had for him - to his judgment. And when he said: "Burn the ship to the water's edge," it was done. Another circumstance also shows that Carroll was in the clearest light. It was a question about the "proclamation of fees," as it was called. By the closest reasoning, in a series of papers he had written, he showed the falsity of the government's position, in endeavoring to regulate by proclamation the fees of public officers. When, under the signature of the "First Citizen," he had silenced all opposition, the press teemed with his praises, and a committee were appointed publicly to thank him, who had so nobly and so ably defended right against its enemy. But on becoming

known, he was greeted with cries of "Traitor."
"I am in pursuit, and in every other
kind of abuse. The Revolution was coming
on, slowly but surely, silently coming on; and
when it did come, it found Charles Carroll
at his post, in the vanguard of freedom, first
among his fellow Catholics for all the Catholics
then in America, not one is recorded to have be-
trayed his country, - deserted her in the hour
of her need. This is a fact: bear it in mind.
Catholic Americans, and rejoice that it was so.

Princeton, Concord, and the neighboring
villages of Boston were bedewed with the
blood of men defending their rights and a
liberty from invasion. This was the signal
for hostilities, and the year 1775 saw Congress
in various operations necessary for the suc-
cessful completion of their bold undertaking.
At this time Charles Carroll went to Philadel-
phia, then the seat of government, where his
force and able defence of the colonies had
not served him. Congress saw his ability and
it appointed a committee, consisting of Benja-
min Franklin, Samuel Chase and Charles
Carroll to look upon them, a member of all
body, requesting, at the same time, to procure,
if possible, the necessary operations, John
Carroll. The object of this committee was, to
proceed to Canada, and endeavor to remove
the British from the seat of the "Bill
of Rights" had raised up against the colonies,
and to drive out every thing denien-
ciatory of the Catholic religion, the religion
of the people. The mission failed. Canada
remained faithful to England. Charles Car-
roll and Mr. Chase stayed to superintend
the operations of the troops, while Benjamin
Franklin and John Carroll returned to
Congress. Thus soon did an intimate spring
up between these two great men.

But the next year brought about a differ-

ent state of affairs. On the seventh day of June
1776, Richard Henry Lee introduced a resolu-
tion into Congress to this effect: "Resolved.
That the United States ought to be free and independent states,
that they are absolved from all allegiance
to the British crown, and that all connection
between them and the state of Great Britain
is, and ought to be dissolved," supporting
this resolution at the same time, by one of the
most eloquent speeches ever heard within
the walls of the Congress. Mr. Carroll was not
a delegate at the moment of Congress; but
he saw that the delegates from Maryland
could not vote, according to the too severe
instructions from their legislature. He went
to Maryland, got their repeal of the instruc-
tions, took his seat as a delegate, and
signed the Declaration on the 2nd of August.

After leaving Congress he filled positions of
great trust in his native state; was once
United States Senator, but finally withdrew
from public life in 1801.

Thus I have endeavored briefly to sketch
the public life of our hero. He was an up-
right, able statesman, who performed with
conscientious scrupulousness his various de-
ties, and satisfied, at the same time, religion
and his country. This was the beacon light
that shone in the darkness of the Revolution and
showed to his country the quicksands and
shoals which they there would not see, - fighting
and intolerance. By his means was the gov-
ernment of Maryland reformed in all that
regards persecutions. His character in all
his transactions was that of a man of principle, - of firm, sound
Catholic principle. He yielded
nothing of his rights to civil or religious tyr-
anny, and for the liberation of these
girls, for a noble resistance to them.

our boast. As a legislator, he was actuated by the purest motives, so much so, that his honesty or truth was never once doubted. As a private citizen, he strictly obeyed the laws, and shed around him an influence, at once pure and elevating. As a Catholic, his life abounds in acts of charity and liberality. Thus lived the patriarch of America: his co-laborers in the work of Independence had sunk, one by one, into the tomb: all had gone, save him. He was soon to follow.

At the age of ninety-two, after having received the last rites of the Church, in which he had lived with so much glory to himself and to his country, he breathed his last. Thus Catholicity has vindicated her right to the soil, which she moistened with the blood of her devoted sons. She lives in the brave Pulaski, in heroic Lafayette, and in the glorious name of Carroll.

Americanus

Answers to Correspondents

Rhetoric. Our indignity saves you from the punishment, so justly merited for the liberties you have taken with our name. Charity prompts us to leave you in your natural element, obscurity; for, accustomed to view yourself in the mirror of vanity, you would expire in the light of criticism.

Jacobus. Received; but there is such a similarity between your handwriting and that of a noted plagiarist, that we feared to publish your piece, thinking that you and he might be the same person. However, we shall examine it and if our suspicions are ungrounded, shall willingly insert it.

Josephus. You have drawn largely on Campbell. In his piece on "The Rainbow," we also find "woven in the sky, and robe of beams." As an example of the similarity we give a verse from each of the pieces.

Josephus

Campbell

The rose to thine her sweetness yields,

The earth to thee her incense yields

The birds a welcome sing,

The lark thy welcome sings,

When bending ^{er} the vernal fields

When glittering in the freshened fields

The modest cowslip springs.

The snowy mushroom springs.

Kicnem. Your "Drinking Song" induces us to believe that your naturally ruddy brain must have been laboring hard to extricate itself from an unusual amount of "lager beer" dregs. Even if Solon were desirous to publish it, the authorities of the house would never allow it.

Kimo. Your piece makes us think that you would be favorably received by the Muses. Suppose you pay the nine a visit and send us your "Invocation", dressed in the latest style of Parnassus. Try it for the next number of the Collegian.

The Collegian.

Vol. I.

Dec. 4th 1859.

No. 6.

Autobiography of a Desk Chapter V

The most deformed thing the imagination can conceive is gratitude deformed by treachery: the most detestible of beings is he who repays hospitality with slander and murders the reputation of his benefactor by falsehood. Whether I have any right to complain of this or not will be seen in the sequel. As I said in a former chapter, there came to our neighborhood a tree which was generally known as the "Bull-tree" owing to its power of swaying every old cow, as a Yankee would say both male and female in the neighborhood, and also for its very ugly proportions, having immense protuberances both in front and rear. In the puddles and pools which its old branches shaded, the "swiny" tribes rolled and grunted with an air of indifferent contentment that proved most conclusively that they were at home. Then came along in due time various kinds of animals which never failed to leave around its roots unmistakable marks of their presence. In fact, life became wearisome, and I began to meditate seriously

on suicide, and by Hercules, was on the point of taking the fatal draught, when my designs were completely frustrated by the arrival of two men with huge axes on their arms, long-tailed coats, high straw hats, big belts around their body, high-heeled boots with points turned up, a la chinois demure countenances and very slow gait. However their deliberations about my fate were remarkably short, and they commenced in a most inhuman way to hack and slash my sides so vigorously that my whole frame began to tremble. It was to no purpose that I reminded them of the courtesy which my situation no less than the laws of civilized society entitled me to: every word, uttered in my own defence, was answered with the most cutting replies on their part. One would say: "Coupervous, mon frere", and the other would answer: "Yez, mein brooder. I vill shelter him, like you 'ero." "Neben Gott, vet a heart's him to shelter himself!" "An isle any longer, with such treatment, I exclaimed, with tears rolling down my cheeks: "Your

conduct towards me is not very brotherly. I beg of you, therefore, to stop, before you take my life, if you have a spark of humanity in your heads. "Oh! you at vous-mêmes!" was the answer. "Strike", said the other, "vous-voilà" strong but that he will not speak mit himself von othermord; and then bang went the ponderous axes against my aching sides, until my head reeled and I came tumbling, with a tremendous crash to the ground. I was now completely at their mercy and they soon deprived me of my branches, and placed me on a conveyance, which was drawn by an animal, with two horns on its head two eyes in its face, a mouth, a pair of ears, and a long tail, and four legs, two of which were under the front part of body and two under the hind part. In this manner I

was soon at a place, called the "Carpenter Shop", where a man with two eyes, one looking towards his nose, and the other in an opposite direction, began to flay me; after which he cut me up into several parts, in a manner which would have shamed a barbarian. He next began to bore holes through me, which he filled up to suit himself with monstrous nails that he obtained from a consequential little man next door. After undergoing many operations of the kind I was metamorphosed into my present shape and plastered over with a most disgusting coat of stuff, called paint, and left in the sun to dry, preparatory to my transportation to some other place, which the fraternal council had not yet decided upon.

To be continued.

Repentance.

By bid

Along a path, with brilliant flowers bestrewed,
In search of guilty pleasure hurries on
The impious wretch, whose every thought is sin,
Though bright the road, he follows, seem, and round
The false delights, yet horrid gloom a deep
And dark abyss conceals, where soon his soul,
By crime defiled, will dwell in hopeless woe
For an eternity. But as he still
His wicked course pursues, lured on by joy
Ere long to end in dreadful misery,
He sees his folly in destruction seeking;
And while his soul this scene begins to hate,
An angel, clothed in splendor, comes and takes
The weeping sinner by the hand. Into
A thorny road they turn, where as they tread
The hard and rugged way, sweet Hope they see
& hurry them on and pointing up to Heaven.

Invocation to Hope

O thou bright oasis in the desert of this life's troubles! Thou leading star in the firmament of doubt and inconstancy, how dearly art thou fostered in the heart of the Christian and the Pagan. The one, worn down with the cares and anxieties of this life, looks to thee as the key to the entrance of that life, where joy knows no end: the other, whose charms and sorceries are the link of his present and future sees thee in the light of a blind goddess, beckoning him on to the fields of Elysium, and dazzled by the false creation of his own imagination, follows blindly on. The one sees in thee the bright chain which binds him to eternity: the other the shackles in which a life of good or ill will bind him. O thou natural desire which

fills the breast of every man, where would we be without thee? When the cold winds of adversity has swept over us, and levelled us with the earth, thou comest forth, like a bright and warm luminary, to call us into renewed existence. When in life, that is when we are wooed for every mutual sign of love, those who should have been to us the current of each little fountain of joy or sorrow; those whom the world calls 'friends'. When all these have turned from us with cold, disheartening look, then we can turn to thee, thus made dearer to us, and read our fate in thy mirror, which reflects back to us a vision of future happiness, in the presence of Him, who looks not without, but seeks into the inmost recesses of our hearts.

Nemo

To a Lily.

Hail beautiful flower, queen of the winding vale!
For thee were made the shower, the vernal gale;
Thy grassy couch, embalmed with floral dew
The gentle moon bedecks with silvery hue.
In thy formation Nature drained her store,
And all her art can equal thee no more.
Thy peerless shape the twinkling stars admire,
And then behind the weeping clouds retire.
For thee meandering streams and their course
And rushing brooks forsake their bubbling source.
The bee with longing eye surveys thy cheek.
Yet plunders not a form so mildly meek.
Gay zephyrs sport in mazes round thy tower,
And own the spells of such enchanting power.
The rose beneath its blush conceals a thorn
But thou art beauty's type in fairest form.

To shines the soul in heavenly robes of grace,
When earth for virtue has no dwelling-place.
And wily, rose-like charms, concealing crime
Allure, till life has spent th' allotted time.

By Nonnullus

To Our Readers

It is the duty of every editor to treat with severity all who attempt to impose on them by striving to publish plagiarised pieces, or to bore the public with the extravagant outpourings of a brain, not yet able to distinguish between sense and absurdity. We have often been obliged to act thus, on account of the bare-faced and almost insulting manner in which persons devoid of all sense of shame, asked us to insert productions, sent in as original, but in reality copied from some well-known author. We know not who our contributors are nor do we wish to know, for then the task of refusing would be doubly disagreeable to us. We would prefer to receive no contributions than to be tormented thus; for, as we have always said, no piece will be published in the Collegian, unless its origin is fully established. There are reasons for this. It would not redound much to our credit if our paper were filled with plagiarisms, which would most assuredly be the case if we admitted every contribution, sent in, as we know not by whom, but after all it would not be such a reproach to us, since it is not to be expected that we have read every piece of poetry that was ever written. This is what we cannot do, and we must not let ourselves be misled by what is called popularity. It is a pity not to do much to do less.

and as soon as we have to preserve our reputation we feel bound to do so in the necessity of declining all such articles. Another reason is, that as the Collegian is uncopyrighted, such mistakes could not be remedied, and sooner than have plagiarised poems shown all over as the production of the student of Saint John's, we would discontinue the paper altogether. Many are dissatisfied on account of this, some because they have been rejected, and others because they have been rejected foolishly, or rather because they have not been found out to the first and second copy that their rejection is owing to some error in the copy for the originality of their pieces. Hence, if at any time we find that our suspicion was not without foundation we shall publish them, and advise the others to discontinue their contributions, since they will be rewarded with nothing but a disclosure of their misdeeds. We also give them the general advice not to let their articles be given to profit by the advertisement. Let them not betray the names to others, who would never know that they were the guilty parties, if they had not confessed their fault. Tell us now, and is a daily which man never to have away and everywhere.

Prunes

At mid-day in the kitchen broad
The cook sat dreaming of the hour,
When all the students would declaim
Against his cruel power,
In truth through all the house he bore
A name and reputation sore;
In truth he heard the boys deplore:
Then seized his crown, an upturned can,
Then pressed the kitchen-throne, - a man,
As handy with the grill and pan,
As any there before.

'Twas dinner time, - the cook arose, -
Those awful thoughts were past;
He rose to hear the brothers cry:
"The boys! they come! O Frère, be spry!"
He rose and ordered here and there
The men the prune-jars to prepare,
And fill the dishes all as fast,
As thought: then soon with mien so proud
Is heard with voice as trumpet loud
The "Savage" cheer them so:
"Prunes! till the last one disappear
"Prunes! for them during all the year
"Prunes! they are the best things here
"Prunes! they're bound to go"

They gathered dishes, great and small,
They piled them full 'en to the brim,
They smiled: but then the students all
Grumbled and were most grim,
The many ready waiters saw
Their faces from behind the door,
And they began to grin
But soon the boys looked glad with joy,
As brighter thoughts their minds employ,
When they could well "put 'em in".

Come to the basket near, my boys,
 Come to McGowan when he feels
 For the first time your 'twenty five';
 Come where the quiet meals
 You will like can be truly had,
 Where every thing to make a lad
 Feel good is seen, and where no trash
 Called prunes, lies heaped up in a mash;
 But where in little hills arise,
 Good piles of crullers, lard and pies
 And such little things which none despise,
 All to be had for cash.

By Benson.

Mr M'cawber's Challenge.

Mr Solon,
 Sir

I find it expedient to communicate to you that the undersigned is crushed. It would be useless to endeavor to hide from the world by some flickering effort - what if not yet known, will soon appear in the light of the luminous orb of day, that the undersigned is crushed. My dignity, my honor, my character are involved in the darkening shades of midnight; hope is setting behind the horizon: the bark (if allowed to use the aqueous metaphor) is sinking never more to rise! But sir, my dignity, my honor, my character, thus debauched by malicious tongues and nefarious pens, I am bound in justice to humanity and in justice to society to defend and clarify in the purifying fires of public opinion.

If then, sir, you have any part in our humanity, you will feel the calamitous fall of a blameless character; and hearing the expiring groans of the

undersigned insert these remarks in your luminous pages and allow a fellow-man to communicate with his fellow-man.

My high position in society and the knowledge of my own heart, has hitherto forbidden me to notice the insignificant attacks of little minded critics. Now, I despise them as I would the contemptible bites of a dwarf. But, sir, the cloud, no larger than the hand in the horizon, has become a terrific storm, and I must grapple with the gigantic foe, or conquer or perish in the attempt. My defamation is in the mouth of every individual that composes society: from the highest dignitary of the state to the ignominious peasant of the field; in the habitation of the great, in the shanty of the native, in the court, in the market-place, all proclaim my disgrace. This storm, this upheaving of pub.

his opinion, I notice and not the whims of little minds; the last I despise, the first I seek to overcome, and clearing up the misty clouds, reveal myself, and with body erect, and face upright, face undaunted my fellow-man.

I am ever generous towards my fellow-man, but insult is a crime that must be avenged: therefore I cannot pass unnoticed the libellous production of Crested, son of Adolphus; I must relent it as a duty I owe to my humanity.

Therefore hereby I challenge the said Crested, son of Adolphus to meet me in mortal combat in any place

he chooses to appoint in the terrestrial orb at any time within the range of sixty hours. As for weapons, I am indifferent; let it be any contrivance of art in the shape of pistols, or the natural means of attack and defence which Providence has placed in the muscle of every individual. My second is Hon. Mr. Lempeet. But if the said gentleman desire an arrangement, my terms are the immediate recall of his Libel.

To such extremes and bloody steps is reduced the undersigned to save the remains of the once
unblemished

character

of
5 Wilkins Meicauber

My Mother.

My mother died when I was young
And nothing but a child
Her pretty face I can recall,
It was so very mild.

She often took me on her knee,
And sung for me a song,
Her pretty voice it was so sweet
I shall remember long.

But now she is dead and with the God,
Whom she adored always,
And up in Heaven now she sings
His glory and His praise.

By Junius

N.B. We have inserted your piece in order to encourage and not on account of any extraordinary merit, for it is inferior to most of the pieces in the Collegian. Editor

Forget me not.

Fond memory's flower of azure die,
Permit thy bard one boon to crave
When in Death's narrow cell I lie,
Oh! bloom around my lonely grave.
And if some kind and faithful friend
Should, led by love, approach the spot
And o'er thy flowers admiring bend,
Then say for me, "Forget me not."

By Oudels

Answers to Correspondents.

Nixon

Unfortunately your piece was lost before we had time to examine it. Please send it to us again.

Alphus

Your "Rustic Sketch" was very good, but we would prefer pieces of a more serious character. Try your pen at something else.

Micawber

We have inserted your "challenge," but we would rather receive productions of a higher stamp from your flowing pen. You will be always acceptable.

Junius

Try and improve; we have inserted your piece of poetry in order to encourage you. We trust that your next contribution will be superior to your first.

Censor

Your piece on "prunes" is very good. Try some more of the same kind. They will always find a place in the Collegian.

N. B.

The next number of the Collegian will not be published until the Thursday before Christmas. We desire our contributors to send in their pieces before next Sunday, as it is a great source of inconvenience to us when we receive contributions two or three days before the paper is published. Be punctual therefore in sending your pieces before next Sunday or in the early part of next week.

We also direct the attention of our Readers to the piece entitled, "Forget me not." We hope to be able to favor them with many more such pieces from the same author.

Solon

hor omnia vincit.

The Collegian.

Vol. 1.

Dec. 18th 1859.

No. 7.

Washington Irving

Irving is dead. Another spirit has departed from earth: another form now mingles with its kindred clay. From every hamlet arises the voice of grief, deploring the death of one dear to every American: in every city is heard the voice of sorrow, mourning the loss of him, whose name has ever been the boast of our country; with tearful eyes Columbia bends over the form of her Irving, and takes the last farewell look of that benign countenance, which had always cheered the sick and sorrowful with a happy smile. She presses the cold hand that had recorded the deeds of mighty heroes, and related the touching tale of poverty and misfortune: and then turning away, weeps afresh for her beloved child. Yes, Irving has paid that debt incumbent on every man, and ere this he has appeared before the tribunal of the God, from Whom he receives his being, and his greatness, and to Whom he has rendered a strict account of that life, given him to advance the glory of his Mother, and to benefit his fellow men.

But he was not snatched away in the bloom of youth, nor had friends to mourn the death of their cherished companion, torn from them in the full vigor of manhood. His hair was white with the frost of age when he left this world for a far brighter, far happier home.

Born in 1783, Washington Irving came into existence in the same year as the glorious republic, which he was destined to adorn, shook off the galling yoke of tyranny, and reared the flag of freedom, around which the indigent and the oppressed now assemble in peace and happiness. It is needless to give a detailed account of his long and useful career. He mingled not in the noise and tumult of business, or joined in the exciting contest for office. In his quiet retirement he devoted himself to the pleasing but laborious task of composition. We have witnessed his columns, but Alhambra, the Editor of New York, without feeling the greatest delight

But what can we say of his last and greatest work - his life of Washington? There will the American find a truthful record of the deeds of their fathers who so nobly left home in country to take up arms in defence of their outraged rights. Heaven granted him time to complete the life of him who had blessed him, when an infant, and after whom he received the name of Washington.

Death has robbed us of a prize immeasurably great, which will never be replaced: for no one ever delighted the fancy or instructed the mind more than Irving; blending pleasure and usefulness. Two bright stars have sunk beneath America's horizon: Prescott and Irving are gone and Bancroft alone remains. While we sorrow for that great and good man: while we mourn for two of our brightest historians - for who is so callous as not to weep for their death? - we still cling to him whom God has spared to write the annals of his country, and sincerely hope that his life may be as long and as happy as the life of him who was so suddenly taken from our midst.

No gorgeous pomp followed him to the tomb. In his humble grave he rests close to her whom he loved so well, and who guided his infant years in the path

of truth. Oft will his tomb be decked with bright-colored garlands, and the dewy flowers of May, entwined by children's hands, as a tribute of affection to him whom they had so dearly loved and who in return, had loved them, gladdening their youthful hearts with a cheering smile and delighting their minds with artless tales. Many a tear will be shed over the place, where he now sleeps after a life of virtue and goodness, and as the sturdy farmer catches a glimpse of the grassy mound, his eyes will be dimmed when he thinks of the great and just man who reposes beneath the flowery turf. Thither will the citizens of America and the pilgrims from beyond the broad Atlantic throng, anxious to see the grave of Washington Irving and Columbia will ever watch over it as the last home of her brightest writer and her matchless son.

Yes farewell, Irving! thou best of mankind. Thy name shall be a "household word", and thy memory shall live in the heart of every lover of worth. The whole world will be filled with thy renown: and Europe will join with America in mourning thy loss. Rest then in thy dark and narrow bed, surrounded by those you loved best.

Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dressed
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast
There shall the morn her earliest rays bestow;
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'er shade
The ground now sacred by thy relics made.

On Irving

No pompous epitaph need mark thy tomb.
For merit brightens e'en in death's darning gloom.
The halo of thy star will glow for ages,
And light thy name thro' Time's deep, misty pages.
Let not thy fame be dimmed by empty praise
Nor art attempt a monument to raise.
Where worth and genius only dare combine
To weave a crown from glory's fadeless vine.
Then meath the grassy sod, undisturbed rest
"By all the wishes of thy country, blessed"

Nonnullus.

Irving's Death

"Comment est mort ce homme puissant!"

Will many, every lover of literature ask this question. So seldom, indeed, do great men appear among us, that when they do come we could almost wish them, immortal. But it is not so; the forbidden fruit has placed man under death's dominion, and when he wants a victim we must obey. Only a few days ago his imperious hand was stretched forth, to pluck another star from the bright galaxy that shone so resplendent in the firmament of American literature. Yes, the biographer of Washington has finished his mortal journey; he has crossed the threshold of eternity, and would that we could find words to bestow upon

him the just measure of praise. 'Tis not to read that exalts a truly writer, life of Washington, without being almost as vividly, as if he were an actor in that great stage. His virtues and his sufferings, and all the emotions and the which the common heart and the poet's bosom are with such force commingled? Read the account of his travels in Spain, of his residence in the Alhambra and you will be hardly able to persuade yourself that you, too, have not traversed the wild mountains, and retired from the mid-day sun, in the shade of the stately palm or under the hanging branches of orange grove that adorn the valleys of the land of Chersonesus.

To speak of all his works would require too much space. Still we cannot pass over in silence one of the most universally admired of his all his productions, - the biography of the author of the "Deserted Village". The artless grace with which he brings the life and writings of that distinguished, but too late admired bard, to our mind, excites our sympathy as keenly, in behalf of the misery which his generous endeavor brought upon him, as if we had been witnesses of his midnight hours in his lonely unfurnished garret. Still and triumphantly has the pen of Irving defended him from the sneers of his inferiors.

Yet what pen shall tell of his own worth? Ah! the deeds of his life shall be his biographer. He wants no other. These shall be the pedestal on which his fame

shall rest. The olive and the bay, entwining in their eternal verdure will shade his grave: the place where his star descended in the plenitude of a glorious career, will become hallowed: the sanctuary of the memory shall guard it from oblivion, and genius, with the shield of gratitude will screen it from the effacing hand of time. Pardon, magnanimous shade! this feeble tribute from the willing pen of an admirer, and let thy lifeless ashes rest peacefully in the Alhambra of death - the workmanship of sin - until the bright dawn of the eternal morning shall wake from the slumber of the tomb and the dread trumpet shall proclaim the second advent of the Messiah, not as the savior of fallen man, but as the severe Judge of man, redeemed from the stain of Eden's sin.

By Aliquis

Epitaph.

While fair Columbia, wept in sorrow, weeps
Beneath this grassy mound her Irving sleeps;
From her embrace by death relentless, torn
To brighter climes by angels he is borne,
His name by nations mournfully is breathed
His grave with glory's laurel green is wreathed.
This spot by Freedom's hand is sacred made,
Where she the relics of her son has laid.

By bid.

The Autobiography of Bush
Chapter VI

Chapter VI

no confusions, at there is that big, long-legged fellow in the corner, who moved to me that I am now awake. By a bat on the jaw of a tree on the wall, a star-bell. There is another, another, - a regular shower of them; now I tell you the place is covered with them, at least two dozen of them, sticking around me on the wall. Well, I declare, what a jolly place the study-hall is! One fellow has an old watch, which he most abominably winds up, but scarcely is the operation performed, when it starts off as if by magic to unfurl its chain. You see, a watch is a very curious thing, and you see the old fellow, coming from the other side of the steps, and cutting up his antics under the seats, with the chains that hang up at his heels. This was accompanied from several other quarters, by jess-hoops, whistles, the concert-gong, the whistles, and the ha! ha! Don't I enjoy it though? With almost split my side laughing when I thought of the night we got in the hall - the big old fellow, and the huge gray cat. The jess-hoops, the whistles, that support the lamps, - to all appearances quite pleased with the proceeding. The little bird took its seat over me, and certainly I have no reason to calculate myself on its conduct towards me for my new coat - I think - is a thing but respectable. In other words,

As to the unfortunate cat why he was put
into a man's house, it is

for which compliments he manifested
a decided aversion. I one were to judge
by his wail screaming and furious
scraping. For he lugged and milled &

from the concavities wherein it is connected with that part of the spine, which runs parallel to the ventral support.

of every act we showed our approbation by a hearty laugh and well-timed stamping on the floor. All this however gave little consolation to Felis, who seemed to be quite unaware of her importance, always remaining behind the screen, unless the string was pulled. There was, however, a difference of opinion about the nature of the string.

the night it was a coming, the 1. 20
with the green goggles in the pulpit
from his serious attitude, regarded it
as a tragedy. After looking therefore
for some time he brushed back his
hair with his hand. Of the three or four
gentlemen, it is now very much.

"wash born ven, -ven-ven you were
"little basket?" "And here are some
"... by the appearance of a tall man, who

unexpectedly entered, and liberated the
prison and the cat, giving us to understand
at the same time, that a repetition was by
no means desirable. At the same time,
stepping up to me and placing his hand
upon me, he said, that he expected much
better sense from me; to which I replied,
audibly of course: "You see you are mis-
taken". Shortly after this the bell began
to ring, and all began to move towards
the door, leaving the study-hall "to
darkness and to me". In this I remained
for some hours, when my course of thought
was interrupted by the appearance of
two tall figures, dressed in black, hold-
ing a lamp and a large basket in their
hands. I had some difficulty at first, in

^{divining} the purpose of their mission: but the
mystery was soon solved, for they made
a simultaneous onset on the nearest
of my neighbors, saying at the same
time: "Here it is, - four, six, eight, aye,
twelve papers of fine cut Cavendish".
Now let us pass on to the next. That
was myself. - "Oh no!" said one, "that's
only a new comer; he is not up to the
ropes yet." "Never mind that," said
the other. "Let us try it anyhow".
And so they did. Never was Search so
well recompensed: for so aston-
ished were they at the amount I
contained that - they stood several
minutes in mute wonder, gasping
for breath.

To be continued

A Dream.

A vision sad before mine eyes
I saw lamentingly arise.
In accents, broken oft with sighs.
These words it spoke me mournfully.

Cling not to earth - there's nothing there,
However loved, however fair,
But on its features still must wear
The impress of mortality

Cling not to earth - as well we may
Trust Asia's serpent's wanton play.
That glitters only to betray
To death or else to misery.

Dream not of friendship - there may be
A word, a smile, a grasp for thee.
But wait the hour of need, and see, -
But wonder not - their fallacy.

Think not of beauty like the rest
It bears a lustre on its crest,
But short the time ere stands confest
Its fallshood or its frailty.

Then cling no more so fondly on
The flowers of earth around thee strewn,
They'll do awhile to sport upon,
But not to love so fervently.

By Scribbler

To Our Readers.

Eighteen hundred and fifty nine years have passed away, since the establishment of the great festival, now at hand, was sanctified by the birth of the Messiah, - of Heim, who was to crush the head of the serpent, and annihilate the empire of sin. Christmas! what joy, what glory and grandeur does thy name bring to the Christian soul! When the great ones of the earth were revelling in luxury, when the kings of the earth were reposing on couches of soft down: the Redeemer of the world came into the world, - the ungrateful world, - he was about to save, without pomp or grandeur or royal honors. the damp straw, the manger, the stable, became the bed, the cradle, the palace of the heavenly King. Think of this, then, ye who have plenty of earthly goods, and when the poor des friends, come to you for the necessities of life, let a cheerful heart and generous hand dry up the tear of misery, with even a little from your useless abundance. And here we must thank many of our readers for the interest they have shown in favor of the Col-

legian, which we are happy to say has met with the distinguished and cordial approval of the highest authority in the College. This is the surest mark of its usefulness as well as a high compliment to Solon. It ought also to be a stimulus to correspondents to make original efforts in order to aid the Collegian in carrying out in all their plenitude, its principles of general good. "Let bygones be bygones," as the old proverb says, leave your indifference behind you as an appealing sacrifice on the tomb of eighteen hundred and fifty nine. During the Christmas vacation make as many friends as you can among the muses, resuscitate in yourself the spirit of giving, a present, so that when you return you will become intimate friends with Solon, and make up for your past neglect by your future attention, and thus you will have spent an agreeable and profitable vacation, both of which we sincerely wish you

Solon

The Departing Year.

The low winter winds
 Are now chanting the dirge
Of another winged year
 On the Past's extreme verge.
They are tolling its knell
 Whilst the dawning's grey prince
Proclaims a new heir
 To the sceptre of Time.
It has fled - with its trials
 Its hopes and its fears:
Aye, 'tis gone - with its pleasures
 And anguish-wrung tears.
But as sweet fragrance clings
 Round the long-faded rose,
So lingers the mind
 On its joys or its woes.
Now rosy Aurora
 Smiles genial and bright:
The blush of the morn'
 Slowly steals upon night
To let Hope from our bosoms
 Chase sadness and fear.
Whilst she whispers exulting
 "A Happy New-Year."

By 1860

Christmas

Christmas is come. Our Saviour is born again; and general festivity and carnival hold the world in raptures. At first the religion of the day is but a blind, as the magnificent ceremonial of the Church, and then all turn to decking their homes with evergreens. This solemnity of Christmas is every year a day of jubilation for the liberation of the labor-strung muscles. All nations hark to it, all ranks of society, the rich, and even the poor keep it. Both sexes observe its commemoration and keep it up with equal spirit. But all do not know that Christ was born on this day for the salvation of mankind: nor do all reflect that the great Church, now so much revered, was the result of these happy seasons and the moderator of their excess.

sister: and this tinges his joy with a shaded sadness. Many a time has this same open-hearted brother assisted him in gaining the object of his wish is. Many a time has his dear sweet sister now an angel in heaven, pleaded for him to an angered father, and many a time has she averted the punishment of a childish freak, and these, the brother and sister are gone, never more to return to earth.

Oh! if it please God, may they still find their families entire, and the link that binds them together unbroken. May their joys though there can scarcely expect it, be unimpaired with sorrow, and may the Collegians reunion be one continued balm of happiness and delight.

This is the wish of a friend of the Collegian,

A Senior

Vacation Song

Cheer, boys, cheer, we're coming to vacation,
Patiently wait, the sun shall see our joy;
Nethinks I behold the trunks upon the station,
Such bright prospects no evil may destroy
Then good bye, study, much as we adore thee,
We must drive away the cares we once possessed,
Why should we weep to leave our homes before thee?
Yet shalt thou live forever in our breast.

Chorus

Then, cheer boys, cheer, vacation time, vacation!
Cheer, boys, cheer, for each kind and loving friend
Cheer, boys, cheer, we leave all care behind us,
Cheer, boys cheer, every sorrow has its end

Up, boys, up the merry time is nearing,
I will find us prepared to start upon our way.
We'll wake the morrow by our hearty cheering,
I hear, "Welcome Christmas, dressed in wintry gray."
Then we must go and leave our chums behind us,
To New York by the iron-horse be borne,
We will be free, no College rules shall bind us,
With joy in our hearts, 'twill be no time to mourn.

Chorus

Then cheer, boys, cheer, vacation, sweet vacation,
Cheer, boys, cheer, for we soon at home shall be.
Cheer, boys, cheer, there! in an New York city.
Cheer, boys, cheer, we are college lads, set free.

By Frank.

The 25th of November, 1783, saw a most glorious sight, the marshalling in arms of two great nations, not indeed for the purpose of enacting the bloody scenes of war; but one is seen, slowly defiling from a city, which had borne its iron yoke for seven years and the other, the patriot host, taking pleasurable possession. How the hearts of the Americans beat at the sight! There, eight years before, they stood, branded as traitors by a haughty step-mother, who bade them to do this and this, to serve her every whim and caprice, now they are free and independent: now can they look and call themselves their masters, having cast off with a giant's strength the stain clinging to the name of rebel.

Crowding in from all states, they eagerly press forward to witness the final departure of the British from a land they had vainly attempted to subdue. Ships of war were at anchor in the bay, to transport to their native country the remnants of the Redcoat. In silence they embarked, they were hivelings, they had served their masters well, and sometimes had even rivalled the Indian in deeds of depredation.

They had nothing of which to boast: for they were the beaten. Deep as was the hatred the New Yorkers bore to the invaders, much as they had suffered from the ravaging the city, Boston and from the death-breeding dungeon the South Sea Prison Ship, they uttered not a shout of exultation, until General Cortland and his suite had descended the decks of the vessels. Then they made the city ring with huzzas, and cries, and shouts, and cannon and their other expressions of joy. They poured blessings on the savior of the land, on Washington, who shares their delight. They thank him, as new-made freemen thank him who bought their freedom. The news goes through the continent, it rouses the patriots in every bosom and there is one scene of congratulation.

Old men, women and children all are inspired with the enthusiasm which never seems to be away for on the return of each anniversary New York prolonging the note of Freedom, chant the hymn of Liberty with the united voices of three millions of Americans.

A. Knickerbocker.

Answers to Correspondents

11. 1881. Yon of Helphes Your answer to Helen has been certainly rich and equal to your third, but at the request of the First Prefect, we did not insert it. We are very sorry that our readers are thereby deprived of enjoying your answer, yet as it was impossible, for many reasons, to publish it they must excuse this omission. However, we hope that they will have many a treat from you before the close of the year. *Non est in latere domus*
12. 1881. Friend of the cake Your piece is very well done but we are obliged to decline inserting it in our columns.
13. 1881. Yon poem is "liberty" is it? - out for want of room. Besides it is not very well written. We advise you, therefore to re-write it, and at the same time to correct it, or to have it corrected.
14. 1881. Richard Your "Letter" is unfortunately crowded out. It will appear in our next number.
15. 1881. If jealousy exists beyond the "Haze" the author of the "Deserted Pillage" must have many sleepless nights, seeing so formidable opponent in the feathered band of Fortham, - or one of "the noisy geese that gabble on the pool."
16. 1881. Lib Partus est mortis, natus est ridiculus *ghd*. - Recte to you. Ave darkness before Solon "lets the cat out of the bag."
17. 1881. Moroc You ought to form an alliance with Dubess, Presumption and Conscience. You would soon be the leading spirit of that glorious "tetralogy."
18. 1881. Yon of Lib. Rother Your piece will appear in our next number as want of space prevents us from inserting it in this number.
19. 1881. Lib Your idea is good but your piece is lamentably deficient in metre. Do not lose courage, but "try again", and you will eventually succeed. Many a poet has made worse attempts than yours, before he acquired any taste in versification.

20. 1881. A number of the bulletin will be published until the first January in February. The reason is that at the examinations take place. In January, neither Solon will have any time to devote to the paper, nor his contributors to wait for it. Therefore we bid our reader good bye, until February.

Solon

Labor omnia vincit.

The Collegian.

1871

Feb. 12 1860.

Ms.

The Autobiography
of a "Desk".

Chapter VII

If the success of an undertaking is to be estimated by its results one would say that their labors were doubly successful for the castle was a model of peace. The consciousness of their victory had maintained the principle of authority made a smile of triumph play around their lips, with a brilliancy that can alone emanate from the sun of justice when its genial warmth unlocks and calms the cloud which hids and conceals in its stubborn bosom the germ of dutiful obedience. As the shadows with their giant-like projections began to retreat towards the door, and the hollow tones of the funeral bell were heard through the hall the torchlights of the future began to gleam - like the spectres that quail with emerald forms around the throne of Death while ever and anon their icy breath and chilly words fell ominously on my ear. I would exclaim: "Unhappily,

dear! Ah me! Why had I anything to do with
 tobacco? The indignation was now at
 its height. I felt that I had been deceived
 and that I had been deceived before the breath of the breeze
 which fans the pale and gentle features of
 the nocturnal Queen: or sent away in re-
 ver and dismay at the sight of a mighty
 elephant, whose colossal frame they see
 so easily represented in the shape of a
 bear, and in the shape of a bear, and in the
 of the stream, and in the shape of the
 tongue of a monstrous boa-constructor, and in
 its wavellets carrying around the waving
 fans of the water-lily, in the shape of the
 ing of its silvery eol. The hum of the bee
 is a long for the to the aspect on the shore of the
 is a herald on the breath of the darning
 rose is only the herald of advancing bat-
 talions. Such was the state of my mind
 at that moment when the light of the
 lamp disappeared and the sound of the
 closing door seemed as when the angry elements
 are rent and torn asunder by the collapsing

crashes of ten thousand & then, detached from this state of feeling, it will be easy to account for any exaggerated expression which might escape my lips from time to time. However, that I was punished admits not of a shadow of doubt: for the very day I was obliged to learn so much Latin, Greek, and Mathematics that I felt quite dizzy, and from severe application, eventually became, what they call in common phraseology "cracked". But for all this the punishment was vigorously exacted and the classic authors were given me to consult until every one wondered how in my "cracked" state I could contain all I knew, or rather, all that was forced into me.

Yet all this might have been for naught, if I had been allowed to remain in peace in the study-hall. I was not however, and one morning I was transported up stairs by a little man, who had no hair "where the wool ought to grow": here I was laid down near the fire-place: a position only enjoyed a few minutes when in

came a big fat man, with an arm full of books and a tremendous big long ruler. He took his seat in a huge pulpit which by the way he entered with a great deal of heavy breathing and "hard sauerjing". This being done he arranged the books before him, taking good care at the same time to place the ruler in a conspicuous position. The next thing he did was to roll his eyes slowly along the room, until his gaze became limited by the opposite wall. At that wall it was precisely that the little man placed me, and in a spot too where all the fire of his looks, like the concentrated rays of the sun, became doubly strong. At last they reached me: I thought to meet them but it was in vain: for as the delicate leaves of the morning-glory fall away beneath the scorching heat of the mid-day sun, so fell my looks before his.

After this a short time in the class, which consisted of flogging and high Dutch I was delighted with the intelligence that I was about to be removed to better quarters.

To be continued.

Thine Friends.

By Tyro.

Stern Autumn now sits throned on high:
The winds and storms obey her call:
The fitful gust sweeps angry by
The stre leaves rustle to their fall.

Wilt thou majestic mountain elm,
That beared its regal crown of green
Proud as the crest of knightly peer,
To hush amid the sunbeams' cheer.

Shorn of its leafy honors now,
Its fair limbs baring to the air
That stately soaring front, mid air,
To every storm that may assail.

Whilst courted by the zephyr bland
And by the balmy breeze of spring,
And whilst the flickering sunbeams
The vernal leaves were wont to cling.

Whilst smiled the sunbeam warm and bright
And dew of heaven their influence shed,
Or lingered round the genial light
The servile leaflets clustering spread.

But when the breeze zephyr slept
When morning sun forgot to smile
When boding clouds up heavenward crept
To shroud the sky in gloom the while.

At first rude touch of Autumn's blast
The leaves dropped withered one by one,
And left the veteran bare at last
To brave the wintry storms alone.

The feeble friends their power and might
Their boasted love and faith displaying
And so the fond confidant might
Be left in peril and dismay.

When storms are gathering in the head
When lowering steel salute his eye
Like leave before the tempest sped,
They leave him to survive or die.

To Our Readers.

Once more we greet you, and now that the examinations are over, we congratulate you on your success, having high hopes that the contributions, which you will no doubt send in, will be many and in every respect original. Returning from vacation all had to enter upon a hard month, the month of work and study, of head-aches and Greek roots: so that your thoughts were all turned in one direction - to pass a good examination. Yet after all you did not forget Solon: you inquired after his health, and sympathizingly asked if he had departed this life, satisfied with the honor and glory which he had already acquired. He answered you by this number and we proclaim: "Still we live."

This paper has been kept up already half of the year, and from its first appearance it had been treated with respect and consideration, in a much higher degree than had brightly been anticipated.

Our remarks may have sometimes been sometimes unpalatable, and the articles admitted, satirical: they who made the greatest noise about such articles are those who had no reputation to lose. Let us not remind our readers of by-gones: we should rather endeavor to begin anew. In fact we look to a second term with pleasure and hope to complete the year in a satisfactory manner. Now that your minds are free from the intense study, prior to an examination, we anticipate glorious times, and those who delight in the

strain of Iliad or of mighty Homer, will have a chance to exhibit their mistiness or soar into the regions of space.

Crested son of Adolphus is but napping, and the slightest touch will awaken him: and Wilkins Micawber is waiting for "something to turn up".

There is room enough for all contributors. Many think they cannot write anything worthy of publication or do not wish to see their own productions appearing in the columns of a paper like ours. To the first we say, it would be an unheard-of story if the students of the classes of Philosophy and Rhetoric could not write a few sentences of English prose, or strike off some pretty thoughts (of their own) in verse. To the second class of writers we say, and they know it, that Solon can keep a secret.

He, in some cases, knows the names of his supporters, and in some cases he does not. Sometimes we admitted pieces, deficient in many respects, but then when an effort is earnestly made, it should be encouraged.

We do not say that we shall always act in this manner: we shall do so, only according to our discretion. Solon is a wise man, and by his wisdom easily tells what is proper to be inserted in his paper and what is proper to be rejected and laid aside for further consideration.

The Young Poet, Dying.

I gain the fierce autumnal blast
With fallen leaves the earth bestrewed,
The warbling groves of summer past,
Their concerts gay no more renewed.

With broken heart and bosom sad
Advanced a pale and tott'ring youth,
Farewell to whisper to the glade,
Where oft his grief he came to soothe.

Farewell! farewell! my darling grove!
Farewell! farewell! for part we must!
Farewell! farewell! to thee my love
I yield, and to the grave, my dust.

Here oft along thy purling brook,
I wandered with a cheerful eye;
And on thy bower, loved to look,
Reflected in thy liquid sky.

Here oft I list with raptured heart
To thy sweet notes, O whip-poor-will!
When warbling, with consummate art
At morn, at noon, at evening still.

Here oft beneath thy shade I lay
To sweet repose by zephyrs fanned;
But now no longer can I stay,-
My early doom is now at hand.

Then fare thee well, my hermitage!
O fare thee well forever more!
With thee I spent my youthful age,
With thee I'll spend my dying hour.

By Titmus.

Ingeld and Strokothe

or
Allegory of the present times

In the days of the venerable Scalds, Denmark was ruled by Froide, a great and good king. He raised his realm to the highest pinnacle of earthly glory, and his subjects, who loved him as a father, feared nothing so much as to lose him. Yet this was the much dreaded befall them at last. Froide was not immortal; and after a long and glorious reign, he went to sleep in the tomb of his forefathers, there awaiting the trumpet-sound of the awakening angel. He left behind him, as heir of his noble virtues and his vast domains, an only child, the blooming little Ingeld. This young prince has always been the darling of his timorous parent. Gifted and endowed with all the qualities calculated to shed lustre on his throne, he was yet too young to govern the vast estates of his departed sire. Accordingly, his father, ere he slept in death, entrusted the administration of the Danish monarchy and the education of the young Ingeld to the holy Scald, Strokothe, the wisest and most faithful of his subjects.

For a while the young monarch lent a docile ear and a willing heart to the wholesome advice of the Scald; but flattering courtiers soon induced him to listen to the insidious suggestions of the young prince from his waywardness, only seemed to encourage him in his new career. He thought proper to use all his authority and administered a sharp, but well-regulated reproof to his erring pupil.

The courtly flatterers had long wished for the removal of Strokothe, and full glad were they now to find that the wise counsels of the veteran bard galled the prince royal of Denmark. They were indeed, chafed and fretted that a restraint should be put on the bursting passion of his youth. With gratified ear did he listen to the eager suggestions of his deceivers; and under the influence of Strokothe had been wandering in his mind to his royal master, he was banished from court and forbidden ever again to enter its portals.

Sad and dejected, not on his own account, but on account of his beloved pupil, the holy Scald withdrew to the gloomy depths of a solitary tower there to deplore, in silent grief, the wanderings of his ward. And now Ingeld is delivered up a prey to his inexperience; and now no longer does a sage Mentor whisper good advice to his erring soul; and now, throwing off all restraint, he abandons the care of his realm to his intriguing courtiers and gives loose rein to every evil passion; and now sad, most deplorably sad, looks the future of the once flourishing kingdom of Froide. Yet this evil hour was to have an end.

One gay summer morn the prince, escorted by a goodly train of courtiers, sallied forth to enjoy the pleasures of the chase. Soon his eye caught the stately form of a noble and magnificent stag, and instantly hot is his pursuit. Forward as the stag, and onward follows the noble pursuer, unaware that wide and far is the distance which he is placing between himself and his pursuer. And now the dark shadow of night begins

to rough on the earth, and a starless sky is hang-
ing its sombre pall round its mountains. And
now nothing disturbs the awful silence of the for-
est is a moan, it would be the heavy sleep of na-
ture but the far and strange voice of thunder
whose lugubrious notes are mysteriously repeated
by the echoes dwelling in the surrounding
mountains the rude & craggy heads high in-
to the heaven, and in the dark recesses of the
deep woods & crevices that descend deep in-
to the bosom of the earth. And now the fleecy
clouds all lower and nearer in flash and the
forked lightnings mark the path of the storm
deep and the dimmest inmates of the wilderness
start with amazement at the state of the sky
Faster and faster the storm advances to their feet
And now the soul of my lord comes within his
bosom and a thrill of horror shoots through his
weary frame. Inward he urges his shivering
steed and soon he reached, as by chance, a hut
erected under the projecting rock of a moun-
tain. The bewildered prince leaps from his
exhausted steed and rushes under the shel-
tered roof. Then sitting before a blazing fire he
converses with the inmates of the house. He
watches every movement of the intruders and at last
he perceives that they are

[illegible]

"There it is! no more! You are O'mailed!
 But the messenger of health ascended on high,
 and in a tale to say the son, who tames the
 giant of his name. There wast once his de-
 light, because he thought thee little un to

himself, but now, and the few, & 2 would spare thee as an object of horror. Thou hast inherited his power and his name but his virtues & I grieve thy fathers virtues, where are they? 'Unhappy prince' every one now says, when gazing upon thee. The 'Hero' has vanished from Denmark, the Hero is no more'

[illegible]



own honor. Come and be you to me a father. So
now Denmark shall again be ruled by the true
offspring of Fraude, and my people, seeing
me again returned to virtue, shall exclaim:

No! No! the Hero has not disappeared from
the earth! The longer he lives, blessed
be the offspring of Fraude! How true
blessed be our own tongue.

————— Icheldt, son of Herkildson.

Farewell.

When from the friends we dearly love
Fate tells us we must part,
In words we can but faintly prove
The anguish of the heart.

And no set phrase however sincere
Can half so much imply
As the suppressed and silent tear
That drowns those words, Good bye.
————— By Elia.

Answers to Correspondents.

Aus in. Your piece, "Magdalen at the feet of our Lord" will be inserted in our
next number

Gregory Owing to some doubts respecting your piece, we cannot insert it
Jephaniah Lallyhead. We decline inserting your piece
Lepidus. You had better try again and if you make any progress in prose,
perhaps we will give you some encouragement.

et. B. On account of a great many obstacles, we could not submit the Poem
on the appointed day, and much it appeared rather late, we submit it will
prove as acceptable to our readers.

Labor omnia vincit.

The Collegian.

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Death.

By bid.

A budding rose its fragrance sweet diffused
Throughout the verdant meadow, where it bloomed,
And laden with the sparkling dew with which
Aurora gay had decked it, in the bright
Ray of the rising orb its beauty shows,
And as the early farmer wends his way
Along the field, he gladly thinks that on
The morrow's morn, a full-blown rose will greet
His coming and adorn his lonely cot.
But where the morrow dawns no damask flower
He sees; but where the mossy bud its leaves
Unfolding gently was, when twilight shades
Were sinking into gloom, some scentless leaves
All faded, clinging to a withered stem.
Well his expectant gaze. This when a bright
And glorious future for his infant son
With pride a loving father sees, fell death
The opening blossom bears away and leaves
The sire to mourn o'er blighted hopes, and wail
And cry aloud for his departed boy.

Beside a shaded stream, with trees overhung,
On which the radiant light of day near shone,
An humble plant by all unnoticed, grows
But in the rippling wave its leaves it bathed,
And always was in tears unblest with light

Its tendrils drooped — it slowly pined away,
So when misfortune dire or sorrow wounds;
When cherished friends and kindred all have gone;
When naught can cheer the sadness of the soul,
The broken heart soon yields to slow decay,
And in its lowly grave from trouble rests,
Unwept, unheeded, and unknown.

An elm, with sturdy branches covered o'er,
Was slowly towering to the clouds above,
And soon bade fair to be the woodland king.
When on a summer morn, in spite of all
Its beauty and its strength, the cruel axe
Laid low the mighty tree. So in an hour,
Death's ruthless hand destroys a nation's hope,
And where high expectations dwell before,
Spreads grief and desolation's dismal veil.

A noble oak for many years had stood
The monarch of the forest; o'er the mead,
With Nature's grassy mantle clothed, it stretched
Its aged boughs, affording grateful shade.
To weary travellers, who oft in peace
Had slumbered there: around its massive trunk
With bounteous hand, May scattered its first flowers,
Morn with its tears its hoary head bedewed:
And its foliage, fearing naught from man
The feathered tribe their mossy nests were wont
To build, and all the summer day the woods
Re-echoed with their merry notes of glee.
But soon when Autumn's blast green Nature's garb
With frenzy rent, and strewed the ground with leaves,
A sudden storm swept thro' the forest sire,
And with its mighty strength that aged tree
Uprooting, soon the monarch of the wood
Destroyed. Thus death, when unexpected, comes
And with its icy touch congeals the breath,
And sends unto its dwelling dark and drear
Age crowned with virtues glory and renown.
Thus has our Irving, who, for many years,

Our happy land adorned, and was the boast
Of free America; whose honored name
With reverence was breathed by every lip,
And in whose smile the prattling infant loved
To play, - thus has our living by fierce Death
Been snatched from our embrace, who weep and mourn
A hero gone, a mighty genius fled.

Thus youth and age the dread Destroyer's prey
Become, who dashes to the ground the cup,
With pleasures, hopes, and prospects brilliant filled.
Yet while the young his coming fears, the sad
With eagerness invoke his awful power
To free them from their misery and woe.
All all are subject to his tyrant-sway,
All when their earthly life is o'er, to them
He gives a shroud, a coffin, and a grave.

Autobiography of a Teacher

Conclusion.

As I said in the last chapter, good reader, many things about my class experience, and as you seemed desirous to know many other things, since your curiosity led you to seek even the hidden intentions of what did not concern you, perhaps it would not be out of place in this my final chapter to invite you along the road with me, while I am making my exit out of this world, in order to tell you about the great good man I had to deal with, after I was taken out of that other class-room, into whose secrets you would peep, a sign, let me tell you, of real bad manners. However let that go for what it is worth, and listen to me while I relate, or rather attempt to relate the good qualities of one, who, if humanity had perfection in it, was certainly perfect.

In him every virtue, every good quality found a genial soil, where they might grow and flourish, bloom and ripen in the sunshine of sterling virtue, undimmed by the occasional clouds, which spread their glooming in shadow on the path of men whom the world calls great. He was tall, at least six feet high. his form was graceful; his movements and manner were dignified: his countenance, lit with the smile of benevolence, was calculated to inspire respect, and at the same time to make one at ease in his presence. his voice was charming, and truly it may be said of him that "the words trickled as honey from his lips." The most difficult passages and studies became not only easy, but interesting, after

his explanations; but he could do more than this; for he could communicate his knowledge to others - a rare faculty alas! now-a-days; he could unfold the beauties of poetry and show you grandeur in Milton, Pope, or Goldsmith, that never once before struck your imagination. In fine, his good qualities were as inexhaustible as his knowledge was extensive. his disposition was mild: he asked nothing, unless it could be acquired by principle and reason. Was he not then a great good man. Indeed he was: and perhaps I would be a living devil to-day if I had been left in his hands when I became sick, instead of being compelled to swallow doses of mathematics which I could never digest and which accumulated to such an enormous extent in the gastronomical regions - excuse the term, it is a medical one - that the lateral pressure was obliged to give way and teach me that deplorable truth, that a body may be split into infinitesimal atoms. Ah! me! would that the great Jehooly, on his march into this world, had stopped on the other side of infinity! What a happy devil would I be this day in the full enjoyment of health, and of fun, too, listening to rule-breakers and lovers of the "weed" getting a sound hearing from the prefect for their misconduct.

Dear me! how I remember the first time, and in fact the only time I attempted to smoke in the College! the state of mind I was in when caught - yes, caught point blank, gentle reader, with a glorious Havana "blazing away." Dear me! how angry the prefect was on that occasion, how he took from me, yes, took it from me - poor cigar, how I re-

gret you - to throw it into the fire. "What," said I, to myself, of course, for like most modern heroes, I was very brave, when nobody heard me. "What! throw a cigar, not half-smoked into the fire! Indeed you might not be so hot. I think the safest way to settle the matter is to let it end in smoke." Having thus defended myself, and as a matter of course, the rights and privileges of my fellow - I thought there would be no more about the matter, but I was undeceived the next day, when, as they say in France, I "received a warning".

But see we are at the ferry already; let us see what is the news from the other side, before your return. Ha! What can this be? listen to it.

"Dere about Mathematicians"

At a mass meeting of the ancient and modern orators and poets, in the second Perigee of the eighth moon of the Pothan (their year) London the following decree was promulgated.

"It is and hereby let it be decreed that no mathematician or student of that dark science shall ever enter the city-sun fields."

With sore arms from the Whamplowing (the newspaper), and remained motionless for a time, but finding it was near dark, I bade my companion a kind adieu, telling him to return and report all he had seen and heard, faithfully, as the complement of the chapter I left unfinished when I died, and to let the whole appear in the columns of the Collegian that my lamentable fate may be a warning to mathematicians and future generations.

The End

The Death of Nature

By Nonnullus.

Lo! see those bending branches bowing low,
While fleecy flakes fly fast and filling flow,
Like spray descending from ethereal waves.
Where ocean-space, a shore, unmeasured caves,
Where starry isles and worlds from Chaos' time
In primal beauty roll, undimmed, sublime,
And in their first-born verdure, youthful, bloom,
Uncursed by Eden's law or Adam's doom:
Where comets blaze, eccentric in their course,
And range the distant void with flaming force,
Now far, now drawing near by Newton's laws,
As if to rend the world with fiery jaws:
Where lightnings wheel in quick successive maze,
And thunders crash while trembling mortals gaze,
While nature quakes, as angry clouds contend,
And, wild with tumult, in fierce battle blend.
See! how the birds speed through the naked boughs
To find if Heaven yet one meal allows,
To linger where abundance oft before
With generous hand displayed a plentiful store.
The oak's strong arms are bound with icy chains,
His dirge combines with death's proud paean strains,
And wildly chant amid pervading gloom
The song of joy and grief o'er nature's tomb.
Age seems to weigh upon the brow of time,
His locks grow hoary with the changing clime,
His youthful step, his healthful blush are gone,
And feeble pace, with wrinkles, fast comes on.
Each mount and vale, each spot, become a grave,
Where victor Death consigns the conquered slave.
The mourning veil opes with the sorrowing fold,
And darkly shades the brow of wounds untold.
Yet o'er them all the cypress lifts its head
And throws its friendly arms around the dead;

Like sentinels who guard the myriad slain
 Reposing on some glorious battle-plain,
 Or like the snow-white edge around the pall,
 The sign which tells of death's untimely call,
 Which tells that life's young hope at morning fell,
 And crossed Time's threshold ere the evening knell.

Gratitude.

Gratitude is the "memory of the soul." This is a most beautiful definition, and is founded on nature itself. To remember and return a favor done, how sweet! In how many cases ought we to give up our lives in return for some great obligation! Our first thought should be our Creator. He, in His infinite goodness has given us life, he has endowed us with what we would relinquish for the wealth of kingdoms - sight, hearing and the other senses. He has given us his own Son and the means of knowing his truths: to Him then, should we be everlastingly grateful.

Grateful also should we be to parents, in acknowledgement of what they have done, and suffered for our sakes. Infants, babies at the breast, we needed food, nourishment and care. How many are the anxious nights of the mother! Who can count the unintermitting hours, spent in praying for, in training their darling children. When we could not walk, they cared for us and supported our weakness; when grown they checked our waywardness; when grown still more they admonished us. What toil has not the father undergone to provide food, to keep a house over

our heads, and to hoard up treasure for our future well-being! And what think you such parents expect? Reverence, love, filial piety, in a word, gratitude.

We should be grateful also to our country. It guards us from injury and promotes our happiness by wise regulations. We are its sons and its hopes. We should obey her laws and endeavor to comply with her ordinances. The talents which God gave us and which are chastened by the influence of religion cannot be confined to the narrow limits of a family circle: they need a wider sphere of action.

We should be grateful to the memory of the fathers of our republic for their eminent services in founding so great a state, and in laying the foundations of so many noble institutions. It is the only way in which we can be grateful to the dead, to preserve what they bequeathed to us, won by toil and blood, as they left it, intact.

In fine, we should be grateful to those who now instruct us in the principles of our faith, and who are instilling into our hearts principles which should guide us through life, and by which we shall be known as manly upright, and independent.

By Pres

Mary Magdalen
at the
Feet of our Lord

The deeds of the mighty I make not my theme,
Nor of those on whom fortune propitious doth beam;
I speak not on honor, of wealth or of power,
Nor of pleasures that gleam and disperse in an hour.

The penitent Mary, all bathed in tears,
More glorious than these to my mind now appears:
Ah! view her dark eye, humbly bent to the earth,
As grace in her heart talked serenely its birth.

She seeks for her Savior and falls at his feet,
Anoints them with perfumes most costly and sweet,
Bedews them with tears she profusely doth shed;
Then wipes them away with the hair of her head.

Much more to be envied is Mary's low seat
Where her heart doth in silence her sorrows repeat,
Than the throne of the great, emblazoned with gold
When its lustre doth pride unrepented unfold

Those sighs have made way to the Savior's mild heart,
And his lips now the sentence of mercy impart;
"Yes, Mary, fear not, for thy sins are forgiven,
And thy pardon is sealed and recorded in Heaven."

"No more on the dark page of death art thou placed,
Thy name and thy sins are forever effaced,
Thy tears and repentance, thy sorrow and love
Have secured thee a place in the mansions above.

By Austin

To Our Readers.

Though it is not the intention of Solon to discuss the right and wrong of the mighty struggle which now agitates Europe or to predict the probable results of the lowering of the arm which is deemed to involve the nations in a continued and bloody war: yet we cannot but deem it an honor to congratulate on the success of the cause which you have responded to the call, made by some of your fellow-students, in order to show your sympathy for the Holy Father, who surrounded in every sense by ferocious enemies, ready to gloat over the downfall of Papacy, is filled with sorrow and sadness at the prospect of the sufferings which the Church must undergo, if he is deprived of power, of kingdom, of liberty.

We do not wish to examine the motives which impel Napoleon to pursue such an inequitable course and to league himself with the greatest enemies of the Church: but we hope that he like Ingold, in the beautiful allegory, published in our last number may listen to the counsel and admonition of a Pius IX, who, like Strophos, mourns the errors of the ward, entrusted to him by the Father of all men.

With this remark let us turn from Europe and its overgrown, to our own country and its founder, the celebration of whose birth-day took place not long since, and about which we wish to say a few words. "While the voices of thirty-six millions of Americans were offering their tribute of gratitude to the Father

of our country and the booming of cannon was heard from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific, while the scene of government was a scene of festivity and the statue of the hero was unveiled to the gaze of an enthusiastic assemblage: you, fellow students with your well-known eloquence and patriotism, were not last in the list of those whose voices were raised in honor of Washington. We are exceedingly gratified at the manner in which all enjoyed themselves. There may be persons, who displeased at the merit of some speeches, think that it is a disgrace to Washington and to our patriotism. All we can say to those gentlemen is that the patriotism of the students of St. John's is pure and unalloyed, and that they expected fun from the meeting held on that evening. We think that those gentlemen, so solicitous for our patriotism need not trouble themselves on that point.

But it is our opinion that the arrangements were extremely defective and since it was expected that the programme drawn up, we know not by whom, should be followed, we are far from blaming any one for not speaking, who was not notified beforehand. Nor do we, in the slightest degree, impeach their patriotism which does not consist in rhetorical speeches alone: it may burn with as bright a flame in the enraptured soul listening to

exceedingly whereupon a party interested was touched to the heart - through the chairs - and at the top of his voice remonstrated and protested against the abuses, advising a course of conduct in keeping with their high situation. This gentleman acted faithfully, according to the principle he proclaimed; at the time he was sitting quietly with his legs supported by a chair that held in decorous elevation the walking props of various individuals.

Meantime the canvassing was going on. Mr. Overcutting, a delegate from Brooklyn, of corky extraction, and unterrified democrat, and a first-rate shoulder-hitter, hollowed at the top of his voice and by the assistance of other strong throats, obtained the floor. He said: "Gentlemen, (long applause and some dissenting groans) if you choose me for president (cries of ay, ay - hear! hear) I'll maintain the dignity and rights of the nation (three cheers) I'll provide what is most necessary to the existence of American citizens - I'll buy spittoons." He sat down amid the universal applause of the assembly. Then Mr. Alldaytalk, from California, a second-rate shoulder-hitter, arose, and great applause ensued. He being of the unterrified school, as the former gentleman, made flattering promises which drew forth cheers and applause. He ended his remarks, amid the deafening cries of the assembly, by announcing himself candidate for the vice-presidency. After this private canvassing, some were trying to make themselves heard, but the others exhausted were reclining in the position aforesaid. Those who had breath left mistook the last for listeners and redoubled their efforts, but with gathering strength their proselytes would not fight. Suddenly Mr. Overcutting proposed a resolution diametrically opposed to democratic principles,

but his voice was drowned amid the cries of "traitor", "put him out", "tiger", and "three cheers for Washington". This man calls himself a delegate from Canada county some obscure place, no doubt: but many suspect him to be an inhabitant of the semi barbarous country beyond the St. Lawrence. In this way the uproar was kept up until all, exhausted, adjourned without having organized the meeting.

2nd Sitting. The members met again at 7³⁰ P.M.: also a great many in high offices were present, and what they call in vulgar language shadows but a marked appearance had taken place. It seems that one of the factions by underground work has obtained the ascendancy, and seemed to possess perfect control over the assembly: the administration, it is rumored, sent its powerful hand, with a view of having ——— nominated: however I do not vouch for the truth of it. Mr. Newstop, an unwashed democrat - for this party now ruled - arose and moved that Mr. Narygiveup should take the chair; which being seconded, was carried.

Mr. Narygiveup, the same gentleman who had been touched to the heart through the chairs, addressed the meeting, telling them of the work they had to perform and other things, which the rapid flow of his words did not permit me to take down. He grew eloquent towards the end, until he dropped, not dead, but down on the chair. There was great applause and the band struck up "Hail Columbia".

Mr. Amphibious, a cool speculative gentleman who adheres hardly to any party, dwelt at great length (about two minutes) on the necessity of constructing the platform on the broad base of established American principles, viz: "go ahead" and "number me". Every one seemed to consider this a wise policy, and Mr. Knockdown, a thorough shoulder-hitter of the "unwashed rule-resistant

showing that the gentleman who spoke last had touched the right string. But Mr. Shortall, another gentleman, said that Mr. Chairman I differ widely from that gentleman, the representative, has not touched the right string. Mr. Knockdown said: No wonder for the gentleman's violin plays only with one string, and that is the wrong one. The gentleman of the? and now replies: I do not mean my violin string. Mr. Knockdown. What then? Explain yourself. Gentleman of the? and now replies with emphasis: I mean the string of the heart; and he went on to say how duty to one's country should be the first principle. His words were like balm poured on the angry passions, for the assembly were silent, as if they would sleep: indeed his phrases were so measured that they seemed to have been composed with music. Some actually asserted that he was reading it from a music stand. There was a little recess after this speech and the company enjoyed some exquisite fiddling from Mr. Leather breeches, while Mr. Knockdown and Mr. Shortboy, an untutored democrat, and fourthward shoulder hither delighted everyone with a fashionwise dance.

When the house was called to order, Mr. Evercutting, delivered himself of an oration. He expressed his views in that determined tone which characterizes those who have long meditated on their subject. He alluded cunningly to the favorite topics of the day - John Brown, the Union, Freedom - all of which gained him loud applause. Mr. Shortboy also made an oration, and he rose higher and higher until he surpassed every other orator, having gone one step farther than the sublime. He said that people might talk of spangled banners but there was no banner in the United States so spangled as that which waved above the gymnasium. The approbation was general when he reached this climax. Mr. Aldaytall came forth and expressed his

views as became an understood manner. He agreed with the golden rule principle, but totally denied that citizens had any duties. He said the citizen had only rights: but he agreed that these prerogatives were to be forgotten to propose for the bases of action the ancient doctrine of duty. He said that Mr. Lexington and the heroes of the revolution had bled in vain if the rights for which they had fought were to be disregarded. He yet admitted that a certain party (meaning the high church party and the administration) were not free in the land, as to deprive freedom to the cans of their dearest rights. He said as we boast of freedom, in our own land, let the banner wave over the gymnasium, even the walls of a castle, never so high, can shield us from the attacks of government. He ended by proposing to the rights of the people and assert their rights. It was now plain that the two contending parties were coming to close quarters. At this moment, one of the cotemporary sent the air; but the gentleman, still laboring under an indisposition contracted a year ago, declined.

But the intrepid and well-known Mr. Cavalier, an unwashed democrat in principle, arose to vindicate the sovereignty of the administration, saying that to smoke was to become an unnecessary. The Cavalier had the best intentions but for many reasons he cannot understand our American ideas.

Mr. La-flute maintained the same despotic principles: but he spoke in his barbarian dialect that none understood. Mr. Aldaytall answered the Cavalier and Mr. La-flute, in the same language as in many words but in reality in Greek. One could not

in a very proper manner, being a member of the committee. Mr. Rev. (Mr. Washburn) entered into the debate, advocating the measures of the administration, though he had no objection to the use of the word "he" and that he did not intend to speak that night (a voice "you said you would") Mr. M. denied the accusation, and, having at the beginning thrown his hat down and "hump!" and went on dealing blows right and left worthy of a shoulder-butter that he is but what the strokes took effect is not well known. He continued to be questioned and paralled by his knowledge on the subject. It was not that the friends of that gentleman touched him to the quick, for he went back pretty the only.

Among the gentlemen would have spoken but for the bad colds and others for the good words, which they took care to catch before coming to the convention the fact is that there was a good deal of coldness exhibited.

Even Mr. Guddington from the 2nd ward, had very few words to say. And Mr. Achilles (from Maine) went so far as to find fault with those who have expressed their views, by saying that he would not speak in order to say what others had said, and upon being asked what others had said he said not a word. But somebody said "hump", which some said was a Greek word, others Latin, but in fact an Irish word, which means "he must be crazy".

Some of the administration and high church parties were now silent, and Mr. Short-brook's speech was carried with an overwhelming majority, and the second session meeting of the Convention, having adopted a platform of reasonable principles. "Go ahead", "number one", "no duties", "all rights", "use of the sword", "representative government". The underlined are triumphs, but the invader hangs down their heads, the same station is defeated, it is rumored that the ruler will commit suicide.

Friendship

The monarch oak that stood for ages past
And smiled at Time and winter's maddened blast,
Before the treacherous storm unwary fell,
Deprived of pomp or song or funeral knell
The cautious bursting bud hastes from the womb
And quivering falls and falls an infant tomb
The rose that owes its life to greet the gale
Is answered by the tinkling winter's wail.
So friendship falls with feeble fortune's frown
Forsores the source whence flowed its own renown,
And makes each favor of a generous heart
The keenest point of some unkindly dart

By Amicus

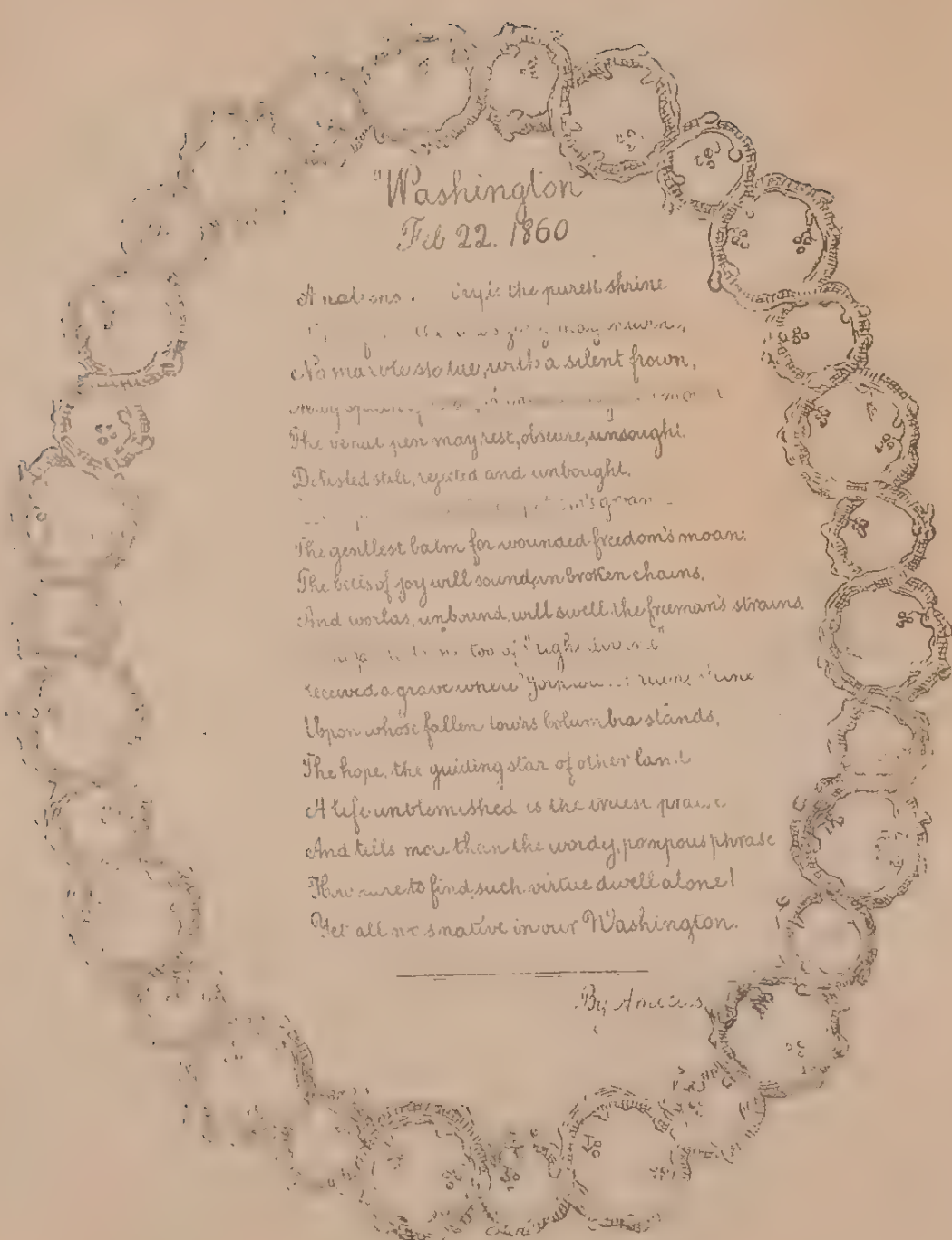
Election of Officers

The members of the Reading Room Society held a general meeting to elect officers for the ensuing term. The officers elected are, for a great part, members of the last Board of Officers, and have given universal satisfaction and we are confident that those who have been re-elected will fulfil their duties in such a manner that the members will never have cause to regret their election. The following is the result of the election

President.	Andrew J. Lynch.	Syracuse, N.Y.
Vice President.	Bernard A. Galligan.	Taunton, Mass.
Cor. Secretary.	William Sheridan	Rochester, N.Y.
Treasurer.	James J. Doherty.	New York, N.Y.
Rec. Secretary.	James Cosgrove.	Providence, R.I.
Librarian.	Francis V. Oliver.	New York, N.Y.
1 st Director.	William Collins.	Fall River, Mass.
2 nd Director.	John Sharp.	Rochester, N.Y.
3 rd Director.	John Gaynor	Richmond, Va.

We must congratulate ourselves on the fortunate choice we have made in choosing the above officers, who will perform their duties in a manner creditable to themselves and to the Society which employs them. But it is a source of the greatest gratification to us to see Mr. Lynch once more appointed president; indeed, it would have been an unpardonable oversight, if, disregarding one who has so long and so satisfactorily filled that office, another had been chosen.

The parents, however, were immediately so well and sufficiently appreciated the merits of that gentleman as to trust the presidency to any other person, when Mrs. Krens that the welfare of the Reading Room Society could not be promoted more than by Mr. Lynch.



Washington
Feb 22. 1860

A nation's cry is the purest shrine
No marble statue with a silent frown,
The venal pen may rest, obscure, unsought,
Detested still, rejected and unbought.
The gentlest balm for wounded freedom's moan,
The bells of joy will sound on broken chains,
And words unbound will swell the freeman's strains
Upon whose fallen towers Columbia stands,
The hope, the guiding star of other lands
A life unblemished is the truest praise,
And tells more than the wordy, pompous phrase
How rare to find such virtue dwell alone!
Yet all so native in our Washington.

By Anna

Self

feeling that, today, man is the best of man. only throbs for right.

What is the meaning of this? It is the feeling that man is the best of man. It is the feeling that man is the best of man. It is the feeling that man is the best of man.

disregarded, if not despised. Man's every interest is next to the test that his "self" may be the only one that is not.

bitterness. The only way to escape this is to be a man of the world. The only way to escape this is to be a man of the world.

rekindled the spark of charity in the world. The only way to escape this is to be a man of the world. The only way to escape this is to be a man of the world.

Answers to Correspondents

It is

bearded sustenance fine to spur
hardly

Odors We decline publishing your piece. There was one of our contributors who named himself odors, and we have learned that you and he are two different persons. Your piece is very well written, but being in doubt as to its originality, we reject it.

Sing. If your singing be as harmonious as your sense, you will soon become a proficient in braying.

Wrestles. We are exceedingly sorry that your piece was not sent in sooner. When we received it "The Charleston Convention" was printed. However, the subject will do for St. Patrick's day, or some other occasion of the kind.

Solus Your mistake, you are not alone: there was never a time in this unhappy world when monstrosity had the honor of being advocated by a single champion.

Odor Solon conjures you, by the immortal gods, to keep off. One of the most sickly and most ridiculous attempts we ever met with, is your "rose", ornamented with "Pale, Robust, Blushes". Ye gods! what a profusion of capitals and contradictory epithets. Oh sublime Odor! your inspirations must have come from an old cabbage in the last stage of decomposition.

Nemo Your poem (?) on "Gloom", is so gloomy that we feared to insert it, lest by reading it some of our readers might get "the blues".

Coanmis. We are obliged to reject your piece on account of its bad metre.

Puinan. We thought that we had said enough about plagiarism. Yet you seem not to have understood our remarks, and with the most barefaced impudence send in a piece on Washington, which everyone knows to have been spoken by Phillips.

Poet Be not deceived. If the "Nine" invited you to Parnassus, it was only to have a little fun by laughing at your awkwardness.

We have received but one or two pieces worth reading, which we have published. We believe those would be poets to be less profuse in their contributions, as we lose too much time in reading their doggerel.

Solon

Labor omnia vincit.

The Collegian.

Vol. I.

March 17 1860.

N^o 10.

The Shamrock

Ye sons of proud Erin your sorrow
Awhile in oblivion leave;
There's time for the sigh on the morrow,—
Be merry on this merry eve.

Aid peace and harmony blended,
The ruby-crowned cup pass around,
For e'en before night shall have enaced
Must the Shamrock of Erin be "wreathed"

Oh, triple-leaved shamrock! forever
Thy stem on our land may'st thou rear;
Though ages roll onward, yet never,
Oh never from us disappear.

And so may this shamrock be cherished,
Lent to us from angels above
Lest we might in error have perished,—
The Shamrock of Faith, Hope and Love.

And now while our cups are enchanted,
Remindful of him let us be,—
Of him, who this shamrock implanted
In Erin, "the isle of the sea".

By H. Bernier.

The mystic beauties of sublime Mathematics.

Mr. Solon.

I am surprised to find in this enlightened age so few admirers of the beautiful science of Mathematics, and my astonishment is increased when I consider how little reflection is necessary to see its utility. How many persons, for example, look at the pendulum of a clock, swinging to and fro, without once thinking that all this is done in obedience to the laws of vibration and oscillation, making, at the same time, the diagonal of the parallelogram of virtual velocities? Perhaps not one in a thousand, and yet this transcendental phenomenon, grand as it is, is completely eclipsed by the discoveries to which it leads.

By the pendulum we can prove that the earth moves around. Notwithstanding, many unmathematical people say that there is no proof at all; since if the earth revolves the clock must go around with it. Now there is nothing so easy as to overthrow this foolish argument, by simply stating that clocks are generally placed on movable wheels or perhaps higher up sometimes, and hence the world may roll and turn about as much as it pleases without annoying the pendulum.

By this sublime science we can tell the exact distance which an infinitely large body, at rest, can pass over in an infinitely short period of time.

We can show, moreover, some parts of the

the earth which, although it is a solid sphere, move faster than others. This fact is clearly established by a train of railroad-cars, in which, though all start together, there is one that reaches the station in advance of the others. Now this could never be the case, if all ran with the same speed, for we know that the same fair play is shown to all, inasmuch as they have the same track to run on and the same force to propel them.

As for the revolution of the earth no sane man would attempt to deny that: for if it did not rotate where would be the use of Mathematicians splitting their brains? In endeavoring to give it no fewer than two imaginary axes, when they could just as easily prop it up with conic sections, or perpendiculars. I do not see the use then, of talking and making such a mighty fuss about Joshua stopping the sun: for what could he know about Mathematics? Besides, even if he did, he only spoke the common language, and knew nothing about that of the educated world: hence the reason that he could not express himself intelligibly. Although it is a well-known fact that the sun did not stop at all: it was only the earth that got frightened at the furious onset of the two armies, and ran back so fast that it got ahead of the sun altogether, and, as a matter of course, took the dial. I am sure that if the one who wrote the account of that battle, lived now-a-days, he would

be heartily ashamed for having written such a history, seeing how nicely mathematicians would sack him.

With regard to the rotundity of the earth I hope that nobody has brass enough to deny that, since it has been circumnavigated again and again; and this is beyond all doubt, as the great mariners made their way home in the very same path which led them to their sublime discoveries. Now how could they come back in the same straight line, if the earth were not as round as the ventricle of an alderman? Another fact in favor of this principle is that no one has ever yet been known to sail around Long Island: and this never would have happened if that unfortunate island were round. since any one starting from the battery, might shut his eyes and yet be sure of coming back through Hellgate to the starting place. Again what do we not owe to the stupendous discoveries of Newton?

He, when a mere boy, happened to be reclining under an apple tree, when one of the apples fell into his eye, and taught him to his cost that bodies fall roundward and not upward. Wonderful discovery! before that time men threw up apples stones, &c. and never knew that they fell down oh, thrice wonderful discovery! glorious Newton! and so apples fall down and not up!

But as each rolling wave helps another along, so one great discovery leads to another, and here we have the reason of aerolites and falling bodies. For is it not reasonable to suppose that, since before the time of Newton, no bodies fell down, there must have been an enormous accumulation of all sorts of things in the heavens, which, owing to their contiguity to the sun, in course of time became too hot, and melting formed a great mass in space, which mass the atmosphere here, being unable to sustain it, allows to descend, as we see, from time to time.

Nemo

The Song of the street

Rushing round the corner,
Chasing every friend
Plunging into banks,
Nothing there to lend.
Fretfully begging
Of every man you meet;
Bless me this is pleasant,
Sporting on the street.

Merchants very short
Running neck and neck,

Want to keep a going,
Praying for a check
Dabblers in stock,
Blue as blue can be,
Evidently wishing
they were "jolly free".

Banking institutions,
Companies of trust,

With other people's money
Go off on a "burst"

All our splendid Railroads
Got such dreadful knocks,
Twenty thousand "Bulls"
Couldn't raise their "stocks".
Many of the "Bears,"
In the trouble shammy
Now begin to feel
They've been overbearing.

Peris by speculators
Tumbling with the clock

Never mind sleeping
 None than "we" do.
 Still there are big dinners,
 In other words and sup,
 Going all the better
 For a winding up.

Houses of long standing,
 Crumbling in a night,
 Nois so many smashes
 No wonder money's tight.
 Gentlemen of means
 Having lots to spend,
 Save a little sympathy
 Nothing have to lend

Gentlemen in mean
 Willing to pay double
 Find that they can borrow
 Nothing now but trouble.
 Half our men of business
 Wanting an extension,
 While nearly all the others
 Contemplate suspension.

Many of them, though,
 Don't appear to dread it,
 Every cent they owe
 Is so much to their credit.
 Brothers all are breathing
 Credit all is cracked,

Women all expanding;
 As the banks contract.

Panic still increasing;
 Where will the trouble end
 While all hands want to borrow
 And nobody can lend?
 Bumping round the corners,
 Trying every source
 Asking at the banks, -
 Nothing there of course, -
 Money getting tighter,
 Misery complete
 Bless me, this is pleasant,
 Sporting on the street

By L. J. Henkle's Taffyhead.

To Our Readers.

The joyful song of spring already falls like distant music on the ear; and the birds, unfailing heralds of nature's annual resurrection, are heard from time to time, pouring forth their enchanting strains; while they watch with delight the opening buds, that are yet to expand into broad green leaves, where they may, one day, in security build their sylvan homes, and raise in peace their infant progeny. It is true that many a flower, beguiled unwittingly from its tender bed, is blighted by some lurking blast that lags behind, as if jealous of the balmy vernal gales, while they whisper life to the leafless branches

and surround the forest-monarch's throne with star-like primroses and azure violets. Yet though winter may linger awhile, its fitful gusts are only the agony of death, while the genial breath of spring gives health and life.

Now, if the very trees grow green, surely man cannot become sad: we, above all who love to claim such relationship with the land of St. Patrick, whose festival we celebrate to-day. Let us honor it with joy and pleasure, remembering well that the religion of St. Patrick commands no long or gloomy faces. Bear in mind, too, that St. Patrick is not honored by the

Freshman, a.
accepting the sneering songs and unbecom-
ing expressions of those whose greatest
happiness consists in reviling the lega-
cy which has been bequeathed to us on
McCant's balcony. The good are not so much
honored by praises as by being imitated.
Let us imitate Saint Patrick.

We cannot conclude our re-
marks without calling the attention of
the proper officers to the duty of procuring
the necessary repairs and additions for
the gymnasium, as the time for out-door
amusements is now at hand. It is a well-
known fact, that nothing is more con-
ducive to the health of the student than
plenty of out-door exercise. However, as
things stand, it can hardly be said

that we possess all the conveniences that
we might, and perhaps ought to possess
by the display of a little energy in the
proper quarter. We hope therefore, to be
able to congratulate our readers in
the next issue of the Collegian, on the
prospect of the erection of a universal-
ly useful and very much desired object -
a validore.

N.B. The piece, called "The song of the
shear" was partly pirated, when we dis-
covered that it was not original. At first
we intended to exclude it entirely from
the paper but afterwards we thought it
better to insert it, and we refer
our readers to the answers to correspondents,
that they may see what we think of
Mr. Lephoria's "affyhead."

Napoleon

All France that day was wrapped in gloom,
And sadness hovered o'er each breast,
When in the dark and lonely tomb
They laid him down to take his rest.

Yes, there on Saint Helena's isle
The night-wind howls from off the deep,
And whistling through the crags meanwhile
They gently tell his peaceful sleep.

His spirit ere this has ta'en its flight
To a brighter, happier realm afar,
Where peace and love as one unite
And form the guiding, ruling star.

Augustus.

Saint Patrick.

To-day the sons of Erin honor the patron saint of their native land. In that sunny vale where he first spread the faith of the true God and planted the seed which has since borne such abundant fruit; on the sunny plains of India and on the waters of China where the Irish soldier fights the battles of his sovereign; and in this home of freedom, the asylum of the oppressed, every child of that sacred land joins in rendering homage to the Apostle of Ireland. Songs of joy re-echo through the world, while the praises uttered by the lips of millions of Catholics preserve and perpetuate the memory of St. Patrick and as the solemn mass of thanksgiving is celebrated by his disciples and chorists accompanied by the swelling tones of the organ, chant the hymn of the glorious saint, the priest from the altar shows them the favor they have received, in being blessed with such a noble patron, exhorting them at the same time to persevere in that faith transmitted to them from their forefathers, and to continue in that virtue which has been the pride of their native land and the admiration of ages.

The gratitude of the Irish nation for their benefactor has not diminished with time, and their undying attachment to the faith bequeathed to them prove that his labors were productive of fruit.

It were needless to speak of the services of the great saint. In every clime, where dwells the disciple of Patrick, the name, the life the works of the great Apostle

are known. For years did he toil, traversing the island, and everywhere dispersing the darkness that had hitherto buried the land in the gloom of infidelity.

What heightens the glory of his labors and places him above any other apostle sent to convert the lands not visited by the twelve, is that while the tree, planted in other countries, was blighted by the storm of Protestantism and persecution, that of Patrick flourished in spite of the tempest which spent its fury in vain against its sacred trunk. When bigotry and intolerance desolated that peaceful land, and its inhabitants were mercilessly slaughtered by their fanatical oppressors, they clung to the faith given to them by St. Patrick, and though poor and starving, death had no terror for them, compared with the awful sin of apostasy.

It was the fruit of his labors confined to Ireland. Zealous to imitate their saintly model, who converted the desert of paganism into a bright garden, where Christianity has since bloomed, undisturbed by the furious storm that threatened its destruction; plucking a branch from that divine tree the priest of Erin bears it to distant shores and cherished by his fostering care, it flowers, and spreads living branches over the spot made sacred by its presence.

These are the effects of Patrick's self-sacrificing devotedness. For ages has the doctrine, which he preached before the King of Tara, continued to flourish in that island of saints: for ages has the



virtue he inculcates from the house of that | shores fourteen centuries ago, burns with as
land, and amid the sorrow that surrounds | it, a flame and soul that in their
for the torch borne by Saint George to the | affliction and suffering
By bid.

Enias' Lament Virgil's *Eneid* Book II line 268

'Twas the dread hour when sleep our eyelids seals
And on the languid frame in blindness steals;
When the freed spirit wanders unconjoined,
And ghastly visions haunt the restless mind
Lo! - Hector, plunged in sadness, o'er me stood,
Shedding of bitter tears a copious flood,
Tied to the chariot, black with gory dust,
The cruel thong through his feet's sinews thrust,
Or whirled along the sand, - a mangled train, -
Torn with the stones throughout the rickling plain.
Alas! so sunk in miserable plight,
I scarce could summon nerve to bear the sight!
From Hector's former self how greatly changed,
Who o'er the field of war triumphant ranged!
How changed from him who slew Hecuba's son!
And proudly wore the spoils his sword had won!
How changed from him who with so daring hand
Flung mid the Grecian ships the flaming brand!
Those looks all haggard and those features wild;
That manly beard, with filthy gore defiled,
Those locks dishevelled - clotted thick with blood,
Cold the dark eye whose wrath none had withstood:
Those livid wounds next met my peering sight
Each gaping gash he won in valiant fight
For Troy's proud mansions and Troy's stately fane,
Troy! - that his king, his home, his all contains
Methought I first the godlike man addressed
And thus, my fears, my joyous hopes expressed.

"O light of Ilium - only hope of Troy!
 That gallant woman with a wishy-washy empty?
 Whence come you, fairer long-spirited chief?
 And why? - To mark our woes, our rage, our grief?
 To count the corpses of the unburied slain,
 To block our streets that strew the exploded plain?
 Come you to haunt us with that maddening sight?
 To rouse, to lead us to the hopeless fight?
 Why then, thus, in our hour of need, you come?
 Thought to my queries vain the unreplic'd.
 But sighing, groaning in abject despair,
 "Rise, goddess, born! - the raging flames beware!
 Fly! in haste fly! the foemen storm the wall
 And sack the town - I am totters to her fall.
 Have hast thou toil'd for country and for King
 If any arm success to Troy could bring!"
 Thus woman here, and I heard the vocal fire,
 And from ill-fated Troy in haste retire.
 Behind thy country's gods, and deities pass'd,
 Build up a state and live in peace at last.
 He said and from the altar silent came,
 Bearing the fillis and undying flame.

Amator Librorum.

We received an invitation to attend the Dramatic entertainment of the
 Second Division for which we are very thankful. It would afford us
 great pleasure to be present, as we are greatly interested in its welfare
 in view of the good will they have always shown towards us, but
 out various circumstances prevented us from attending. We are
 entertained. However, we trust that they will not be content with
 one thing, but on some other occasion display their talents before
 the students of the three divisions.

It is to be lamented that the dramatic society, so pleasing and
 at the same time so useful should have been dissolved. When it was
 begun, to have some interest, yet still the spark is kept alive by
 the second division, there is reason to hope that the flame will burst
 forth with as much brilliancy as ever.

Answers to Correspondents

[illegible]

It is for your second week, when we shall look at some of its characteristics. It is a combination of the "free" rhyme and sentence, and if we can do so we would prefer to show our thanks your help in writing poetry.

General. Your piece is too well known to need much comment.

Quais Your poem is really very good. I am so grateful
attention to metre. It can be recommended as a model
poem and if you would write it out in a book, we
we would be very happy to insert it.

Pentheus - For and your niece with 30 medals. - next 10. apt
number.

number.
We have received a piece about "Spider" which we have
mislaid. I dare it to say that we do not think it original
and therefore will not publish it if we find it.

N.B. Solon wants no heralds to announce his semi-monthly advent. However ungrateful, therefore, it may appear, we beg leave to decline such un-called for services hereafter. We do not see, moreover, by what right the Collegian must be arranged before a class, and the names of those who are supposed to have contributed articles, given publicly. Finally, we request, once for all, that the Collegian may be left at the printing-office, until Solon distributes it, and then its articles will not be anticipated, and their contents published before the time.

We have deemed it proper to publish again the following regulations, which we wish to be strictly observed by our contributors.

1. The Collegian is published semi-monthly.
 2. Originality is the only passport to our columns.
 3. No reflections on authority and nothing tending to create ill-will among any of the students can be admitted.
 4. All contributors must be careful not to sign their own names to their communications, but must assume a pseudonym.
 5. All contributions must be sent through the letter-box in the study-hall, and must be addressed to Solon.
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Labor omnia vincit.

The Collegian.

Vol. I.

April 8 1860.

No. 11.

Speech

delivered by Mr. Peter Foote March 17, 1860

In accordance with a resolution passed at a meeting held by the students of the Senior Division, we publish the following speech of Mr. Foote.

Mr Chairman,

The panegyric of the hero has been preached in the loudest and sublimest strains of human eloquence; his glory has been heralded through crowded highways, and thundered in foreign tones through marble halls of other days; it has been reverberated through the vaulted domes of antiquity, where the statues of the mighty dwell, and re-echoed by these silent forms. The victor, whose fame is borne on the dark torrents of Erida which he has shed, has passed beneath triumphal arches, while his brow, yet stained with the dews of the gory field, is adorned with the messenger of victory and of peace. The royal exultant moves on in state, amid the fierce acclamations of a people, bent to the earth, and offering a sterile smile for a

regal gash. Shall I offer these for your admiration? No; they have passed away. Those conquerors of old, how few think of them now! Who thinks of the Macedonian, weeping because the world limited his conquests? The Lythysia fell before a Roman senator: the glory of Marengo and the sun of Austriety: the linen that wrapped the infant limbs of Corsica's new-born ambition became the shroud of its glory, and the cradle of its first slumber became the tomb of Saint Helena: wherein slept the world's scourge, undecorated and unwatched, surrounded by the deer-like virgins, whose a noisy bellows, mistaking their hollow sound with the sibilant and the hoarse roar, tormented the beast. Thus have the mighty fallen! Thus have the conquerors

they rushed to glory, yes! and to their destruction, borne on the wings of a whirlwind. Let time pass, whether this epitaph on their memory - *Beirne* - live on their glorious conquests, the palaces of their human immortality - mutation and decay.

Does the day we celebrate present such heroes as these for our admiration? No.

The name of Saint Patrick recalls a glory, brighter, holier, than an Alexander's, a Caesar's, or a Napoleon's. They conquered men: he souls. They triumphed on earth, but he in heaven. Oh! the memory loves to dwell and cling with fond affection around the name of Saint Patrick. Not only from Erin's green hills; not only from these happy shores; not only from the burning sands of Africa: not only beneath the scorching sun of Asia: no, but from every clime and country on the globe's extended surface, will the name of Saint Patrick, on this his festive day, be wafted heavenward. For, wherever a son of St. Patrick lives, - and tell me where tyranny has not driven him - there will he on this day lay aside his grief and his sorrow; there will he press to his lips the triune emblem of his unblemished faith, and exclaim: "Land of my fathers! *Erin* mavourneen! *Erin* go bragh!"

No matter of his strong arm be defending the flag of the hated Sassenach

where the frozen North, reposing on his icy throne, frowns amid "the gathered winters of a thousand years": no matter if he ground be hushed on the gory field amid the crash of sabres and the roar of cannon; as his pale countenance gazes on the gushing streams of his heart's blood: yet louder than the sabre crash, louder than the cannon's roar, will the sweet voice of "home" be echoed in his ear, and bear him back to the scenes of his childhood and the spot, where the last sad tear, mingled with the new-raised mound, and the last sigh of a wounded heart, blending with the prayer of faith, rose on behalf of those he loved. Such is the memory of Saint Patrick; such is the love which Ireland's children bear for her: - a memory so strong that the vilest tyranny could not weaken it - a love so ardent that seas of blood have failed to extinguish it.

And because we would not forget the one and betray the other, we are ungrateful forsooth: we are branded as rebels and exterminated: and "faithless Albion" then proclaims that she has made peace. Yes, she has made peace: but it is the peace of deserted homes; it is the peace of the silent dead. But no matter, sadness and gloom are not the characteristics of an Irishman.

they belong, rather, to the cold island
Saxon, and in spite of tyrants we can
afford to be joyful to-day: for it is one
of love and of glory for every son of Erin,
and for every Catholic: it recalls from
the tomb of centuries the noble acts of a

people who have seen the light for
the faith of our Lord - the faith
which makes men brave and good
to the end of their days, and
of death.

The Grave.

I've often wished, but wished in vain
To lie beneath the sod,
For there is freedom from all pain
From thence I'd fly to God.

But ah! how long must I remain
Upon this desert land,
Can I not haste where angels reign
And join that happy band?

This earth with misery abounds
Unlike the realms of bliss,
Where nought is heard but joyous sounds,
As mournful tones in this.

From friends on earth we loved, 'tis true
We then, alas, must part,
But faithful friends here are but few
For love they from the heart
By Charles

To Our Readers

The collegian takes leave of you for a time. To the new light of knowledge and truth, must be devoted to weightier matters, which require all the time and labor, hitherto devoted to the adornment of the pages of our paper. These pages testify that the labor has not been small, for we have issued from our printing press, every second week, twelve pages of literature, original and entertaining. This, indeed is not a work of little toil, it requires care and attention, - first to ascertain the originality of many pieces, and then to print them. The success, which has attended our efforts is evident to all, and a gratification to most of our fellow-students and your approval which was the only object sought for has been secured. Let it not be imagined that we discontinue the paper for want of support. We have been generously assisted by you from the first moment we undertook to publish the collegian, and we were never obliged to defer the publication of the collegian, on account of deficiency of matter. Towards the end of the year we shall publish another number, when we shall bid you good-bye, and resign our places to others, who will no doubt prove to be as able editors as Solon.

The welfare of the community is dear to us, we are glad to see every one, who is ready, hale, hearty, strengthening, and occupying his whole soul and body, and developing the faculties of each. Let us have a salvation, by all means, for the treasury is full to overflowing.

Solon also notices that your behavior, during the solemn ceremonies of Holy Week, elicits universal approbation. The purity exhibited and the subdued tone of your merriment plainly told that the spirit, breathed by such touching appeals, hovered over and around you, and consecrated your young hearts to the cause of justice and innocence. It taught you not to fear the reproaches of the wicked, but when surrounded by difficulties, to look up for consolation, which you would receive from the Son of God. Walk in his footsteps and you will be men, true men, that know right and dare to maintain it.

But Lent is now over, and though no vacation relieves us from the toil and monotony of study, yet we must feel grateful to Dame Nature for the pleasant aspect she begins to wear, enlivening us with fine weather and light heart.

How Changed!

How changed that youthful brow, with hopeful smile
So lately bright! — so little settled in quite
That for it friendship beamed in every face
It met, and envy had no dwelling place.
Oft sat we 'neath the spreading beechen tree,
And on the wings of fancy blithe and free
We burst the imagined strains of college life,
And sought for rest — in vain search — in worldly strife.
We parted, then, and bade a kind farewell,
Our love was such that looks, not words can tell.
A manly love, the child of classic years,
Whose beautiful form is shown in parting tears
No star, like ours, we thought the heavens display,
Not e'en the brightest in the milky way.
The darkly low'ring cloud portended gloom,
All was fair as the rose in morning bloom.
Yet scarce three springs have winged their flow'ry way —
Since phantom hope first shot a luring ray,
Flashed round the statue of a dream made fame,
And promised fortune, with her feeble train.
Though short the time I only knew his woes,
His gentle tone recalled my early choies.
That cheek so healthy, ruby fair and clear
Was faded in the world's cold withering air,
As when the flower, in early spring unfold
Their buds, forgetful of the lurking cold,
Just ope their laughing lips to greet the gair
Then sigh out life and turn angelic pale.

Novimus

Book of Things

Book MDCCLX Chap. III

1 At that time the chief priests and Pharisees, accompanied by a multitude of people went up to the temple.

2 And when they entered a man struck two pieces of wood, which sent forth sounds like unto the clashing of tympan.

3 But the priests expounded the law unto the people and addressed unto them words of wisdom.

4 And a youth from the land of the Brooklynite asked them a question, saying: Is it well to have Scribes.

5 Then there answered to be many scribes in the temple who began to be displeased.

6 And they shouted and made great noise so that the people began to be afraid.

7 And soon the Levites began to yell and the man struck his pieces of wood, and there was a great noise as when armies engage in conflict.

8 And a man appeared in their midst.

9 His beard was white as snow, and he seemed like one inspired.

10 And raising his hands, he brought them into silence, and they might hear and understand.

11 And behold the noise subsided and all became still as when there is a great calm after a tempest.

12 Then a voice from a great distance came and said: And now

13 Therefore should ye have scribes? What doth it profit you to have them?

14 Scribes should write the laws of the land, but they whom you call scribes know not how to write.

15 Why then will you not heed the voice of truth and be wise?

16 But the people laughed at him and ridiculed him, saying:

17 He is a Gentile and knoweth not what he saith.

18 Soon the Levites with cymbals and tympan began to sing.

19 But the prophet came and commanded them to be quiet.

20 But they would not heed him and shouted louder and louder.

21 And when they were weak and ceased from their noise, a youth, like unto Sampson, with broad shoulders and stout limbs, arose.

22 And while he spoke the scribes were much pleased, for he was friendly to them.

23 And when he laid down a man, called Simon, took up two pieces of wood and drawing one across the other made a noise like unto the squeaking of a cat.

24 And the people wondered exceedingly how from wood could come forth such a sound.

25 But soon a small man began to be seen
by the multitude, and with voice like unto

his said unto them,

26 "Behold, ye have despised me, because I am small:

yet ye shall hear me, because I stand here

in the midst of you."

27 They are like the Pharisees, doing nothing
but striving to be rich.

28 "If we have scribes we shall harbor the
workers of iniquity: therefore it is not meet
that they should dwell among us.

29 He spoke many other things unto the peo-
ple, listened in silence.

30 And when he had finished there was
a murmur of indignation among the
scribes and Pharisees, and the people be-
gan to be troubled.

31 Then he who had spoken first, fearing
the rage of the multitude, said unto them:

32 "If you like scribes have them: if you
like them not destroy them.

33 This is the answer to the question propo-
ounded unto you: they are good and wise.

34 But the people cried out: He's drunk
he's drunk and there was great commo-
tion in the assembly.

35 And as it was in the night, the priest
arose and exhorted the multitude in
these words.

36 "What has been done has been done well
as ye have spoken well.

37 Some have said: Let us have scribes;
and some have said: Let us not have
scribes. Ye are both right.

38 The truth is excellent, and you have
maintained the truth excellently and
you have spoken creditably.

39 It is creditably excellent that you
should be here, and it is excellently
creditably, for the people should listen
to the words of wisdom.

40 And his words sunk deep into the
souls of his hearers.

41 And when he had finished the peo-
ple were exceedingly joyful, and he
departed from the temple.

By Jones

The Mountain Stream

Whence flows with serpent, silvery folds that stream,

With wavelets dancing in the sunny gleam,

As bubbling on, it has its wanton way...

Thro' meads, where infant buds their smile display?

Behold that mountain towering to the cloud,

Whose brow the mist of years untold enshroud

Thence flows that stream in murmuring mossy path,

Defiant as the ocean's molten wrath.

Thus life flows from the vital fountain source

And dies in one short day. — its hours! — its

By Hughes

Conceit

When we say that a person is conceited, we mean that he is proud and vain and that his pride and vanity are so kind and of such a nature as to lead him to improve himself, unlike the rest of mankind and possessed of abilities enjoyed by none other. It is by no means difficult to discern a character tainted with conceit. It may be its utmost task is not to conceal itself from our gaze. Its boasting its self-exaltation can be condemned by others will invariably betray it. When you see a simpleton with not a particle of common sense beneath his curly locks, strutting like a peacock among his fellow-creatures; or when you behold an individual of common abilities, priding himself on his talent for this and for that, and looking with contempt upon those around him, who are undoubtedly his superiors, you may congratulate yourself upon having seen the very personification of conceit. Conceit, for the most part, belongs to the narrow-minded, and especially to those who have acquired just that amount of knowledge which is worse than none. It is seldom that you find a truly wise, accomplished and conceited man. These three qualities are not consistent with one another. For the wisest man is the least conceited; also, it is a known fact that the more you know the more you know that

a mean opinion of their own superiority. This is the case with every one: the longer we live, the more we learn, the less we think we know. The reason of this is that by associating with other men and by learning what others have done before, by degrees we are led to the conclusion that after all we are but an ordinary personage, a mere speck of humanity, surrounded by thousands of equals if not superiors.

Conceit is always detestable. There is perhaps no evil trait in the human character that more readily than it can excite disgust.

Think of a man who boasts of his wit or his faculty of pleasing and entertaining. Tolerate his presence for five or ten minutes, and you will invariably discover him to be a bore. If he chance to be in the company of others he will most certainly monopolize the attention of all persons present. His tongue will never cease to move and if you are not gifted with the patience of Job you will never be able to bear up against his silly prate.

But if you are so fortunate as to find him listening instead of talking, even then you will find him on the watch eager to grasp at every word that falls upon which he may contrive a conceited pun. And when that wit is brought forth if you are not able to appreciate

it, or to know "where the laugh comes in" it makes not the slightest difference for he himself will do all the laughing and be his own applauder.

In fine conceit displays itself in so many different ways, and is found in such a diversity of character that an attempt to trace it further would, indeed be vain. We cannot conclude, however, without noticing the great influence

which it exercises over the character of that most important individual - the critic. Conceit is so flattering and magnifies to such an extent the numerous successes, that he who is notorious for his shallow wits of his own time is often led to believe himself a perfect paragon of wisdom. But it is true many minijammers turn censors, and to this may the collegian attribute the reticence which is frequently received from those who find it easier to talk than to write

2002/05

To the Nightingale

Little warbler, pretty bird,
e'er and eve thy notes are heard
Filling woodlands with the glee
of thy charming minstrelsy.
Thou ne'er art with care oppress'd,
That so oft wounds mortal breast;
But e'er cheerful, ever gay,
Thou canst warblest grief away.
Swiftly thus thy life dost spend,
Swiftly thus unto the end.
O! I would I were like thee!
Then how happy would I be
Flying through the forest wide,
Tipping of the brooklet's side,
Warbling sweet from morn to eve,
Then how gladly would I leave
All the pleasures of this earth,
But to share with thee thy mirth.

Junur.

Bad Example

Mr. Solon,

At the expense of being considered a preacher, I have come to the resolution of making one or two remarks on the subject which heads this article. I know that truth is a bitter pill to swallow, but even so, it must be sometimes administered. To come to the point then, — is it not surprising to see the manner in which Catholics frequently conduct themselves in churches and chapels? As I have no desire to speak through parables, I think I can very well illustrate my subject among some of your readers: for, unless your eyes and your ears are too often closed, like those gentlemen of whom I speak, you have only to look around you in the chapel every morning, to see gentlemen taking a position, which, if it were tolerated, they would not take in a theatre. And yet, mind you these gentlemen believe, or at least they say so, that Christ is present, body and soul, on the altar before them.

Now, Mr. Solon, suppose I were a Protestant, would I not be justified in saying: "your acts belie your assertions?" It is not possible that rational beings, believing in the real presence, could

scatter a disgusting mouthful of tobacco juice on the floor of this house: it is not possible that they could lounge so disrespectfully on the seats; it is not possible that they could ridicule the minister of that same God, believing him to be such, because he does not convey the simple, yet sublime truths of the gospel in the garb of magan eloquence: it is not possible that on days prescribed by this Church as fast days, they should eat double the quantity they would eat on a day not so prescribed, and return from New York as I know some of your readers have done, boasting, that they had eaten meat by mistake (?) on Wednesday or another day of abstinence. Sainc Salvian tells us "that the scandalous sinner must answer for the crimes which his bad conduct has caused to be committed." Would these gentlemen not have to answer for the crime of my remaining in heresy, provided I were ^{a heretic} since their way of acting would prevent me from seeking the truth? I know these remarks will be displeasing to some of your readers, but if people are so sensitive that even truth offends them, let them remember that the honor of God is, at least, as precious as theirs.

Nemo

A Jaunt

I'm at out of the cars and have nothing to do,
So, dear Jim, I will scribble a short line or two;
But if from my verses an odd foot be taken,
Bear in mind, if you please, how I'm jolted and shaken.
These infernal spring seats set one all in a flurry—
Up! hurrah! we're away, in a thundering hurry,
Now retreating—advancing, now leaping now prancing,
And our heads bobbing up, just as if we were dancing
A right royal break-down. Then anon we're as still
As if we were snoozing with a hearty good will.
Then a jolt—and a jar—and a thump and a knock,
Now on this side—now that—and a short grating shriek,
And we stop. Then a terrible snort
From our steed—just given for sport,
And away we scour on our iron horse,
And we keep unchecked our onward course,
And we sweep o'er plains and we dash thro' vales
Like summer-clouds 'fore hurricane gales,
And we plunge through mountains the storm that rave,
And an echo wakes in each rocky cave,
And a choral song is borne on the wind,
But we pass like a flash and 'tis far behind;
Thro' a bridge we career some silent stream o'er,
In a twinkling we span it from shore to shore.
The river god rages that his realm we invade,
And he howls and roars, our steed but neighed
Haha! haha! and away he scours,
Like a zephyr that breathes through wavy flowers,
As if the old god he taunting defies,
As American young fogies old of despise.
Away, away, our gallant steed
Now pants and sweats and smokes with speed
His brain is on fire
But he'll never tire
When once its begun
Till his race is run.

His mettle is tried - it is good and strong,
 With every step his heart beats high,
 He spurns the ground as he marches along,
 And the dust mounts aloft to the placid sky.
 Then he pauses awhile to take a drink,
 (Not cobbles nor cocktails nor lager nor ale,
 Nor brandy creating such an awful sensation
 As hot as — and as red as —
 But a very good drink as tee-totallers think
 And water icy cold and as limpid as crystal.)
 Then away he goes with the speed of the gale,
 (That sailors call spanking 'cause they get it on the tail.)
 And he wheels around on the extreme brink
 Of a gulf or abyss — A hundred feet down
 In quiet repose sleeps a country town.
 Then at one fell clap
 Like the report of a pistol
 He thunders — He has reached the goal
 And the bells a merry greeting toll
 And my journey's done and my rhyming too,
 Until my next letter a hearty adieu,
 _____ Jonathan.

We have received so many contributions that it would be an endless task to answer them. Suffice it to say that we have inserted the best. Henceforth we decline all further communications. A number of the Colleague - the last one, will be published in June

Scion





